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PARTED.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY PERSY.

My darling wife, there's a wonderful sea,
A magical, mystical sea,
With a dashing, flashing, fearful flood
That separates thee and me.

Its bounding billows and terrible tides
No other eye can see,
But the good God knows how fully we feel
That it separates thee and me.

Once we lived, each in a beautiful home,
On a shaded hillside green,
With only a valley of waving grass,
And a flowery field between.

And every morning the beautiful sun
Came chasing our shadows away,
And we never knew of the shadows of night,
For our love was eternal day.

But once there came up a chilling mist
(And the sun rose far away),
And it heavier grew and settled down,
Till it vailed our happy day.

And under the blight of its baneful breath
A fungus seemed to start,
And it grew like the beard on the face of death,
Till it covered the loving heart.

It buried the love of the olden time,
And the bitter, bitter tear
Came starting through each fungus pore,
As our loneliness grew more drear.

And lo! they flowed to the vale below,
The vale 'tween thee and me,
And still they have grown till our own sad hearts
Have made this hateful sea.

And it has swept over our lovely hills
And torn our castles down,
Till naught is left but the naked walls,
The walls so bare and brown.

It has taken the rooftree, sash and sill,
And the parlor and chamber and hall,
(But a closet alone is left to each,
With "a skeleton on the wall.")

And ever I turn to my closet door
With my trembling, broken life,
And pray that God may give me back
My olden love, my wife.

DANGEROUS GROUND

OR, THE

THREE SISTERS OF WOOD HOUSE FARM.

CHAPTER XVIII.

King John.—I'll tell thee what, my friend,
He is a very serpent in my way;
And wheresoe'er this foot of mine doth tread,
He lies before me. Dost thou understand me?
KING JOHN.

Amanda was aroused from her reflections by the harsh and discordant voice of Mrs. Blarrid, who commanded her to quicken her movements, giving her no peace until her task was completed; and she brought back the boots, which were before muddy and dingy, polished so brightly that the face was reflected in them.

For more than an hour Amanda had to listen to the taunts of the old woman, who boasted of the precautions she had taken to establish her power over her, and she was the more mortified because there was a great deal of sense in what the hag had done.

It was with a feeling of great relief that she beheld her persecutor continue drinking until the inevitable result was gained, and she rolled off her chair in hopeless intoxication.

Amanda involuntarily clutched a knife which lay on the table and held it over the woman, but, restraining her passion, she replaced it from whence she had taken it, muttering:—

"Not yet! not yet! Her time has not yet come, though some day she will meet the fate she has done so much to merit."

Rapidly passed the week, and Amanda's whole thoughts were occupied with conjecture as to the course the Earl of Montargis would adopt at the coming interview between them. That he was not indifferent to her charms he had himself admitted. She was well educated, and, she believed, ladylike in her manner. In addition to these advantages she had a very large fortune, which she had secured by her audacious fraud, and she was bold enough to hope that his lordship would make her an offer of marriage, as the best way of getting out of his difficulties.

Her lustrous eyes dilated as she dwelt upon this pleasant prospect.

To be a countess was all in all to her. If she could once arrive at that dignity she cared nothing for her husband's love. To her love was something utterly contemptible, when placed in the scales with the gratification of her ambition. She could and did love the Earl of Montargis, as we have said, but the great purpose of her life was to become a lady of rank. For a title she had sinned, and she was prepared to go to still greater lengths.

If she could win the man of her choice and the title as well, her happiness would, of course, be doubled, and her excitement was intense as the time went on, and the day appointed for her next meeting with the new earl drew near.

She tolerated the insults of old Blarrid, and let her exercise her petty tyrrany and authority without remonstrance, thinking that, if she was to become Countess of Montargis, the wretched old woman's threats would be worth little; the earl would not prosecute his wife. A family scandal would, at all hazards, be avoided, and even if she had to give up the fortune she had gained by her fraud, in order to compromise the matter, she had her husband's income from the entailed estates to fall back upon, which was considerable.

This was the pleasant way in which she indulged her fancy and imagination. She fancied herself already the Countess of Montargis, leader of fashionable circles in London and Paris, the admired of all admirers, and envied for her beauty, her rank and her fortune. How she would dress! Whatever luxuries money could procure should be hers, and she would dazzle the world by the magnificence of her toilet. She pictured herself invited by the Emperor and Empress of the French to Compiegne or the Tuileries, and vieing in her attire with the Empress herself, while all Paris raved about her incomparable costumes.

On the morning of the eventful day which was big with her fate, she received what she considered a note from the Earl of Montargis, signed with his initial and couched in cautious language, informing her of the hour at which he proposed to meet her, and the spot which he thought would be the best for their interview to take place in. This was in the open fields, about a mile from Fonthills, and Amanda proseeded thither on a wet and disagreeable day, reaching the *rendezvous* as the distant church clock struck the hour of noon.

It had been raining all night, and a heavy, damp fog, just beginning to lift, aided by the heaviness of the atmosphere, made the day one of those dull, oppressive ones which we have in autumn. Her spirits drooped, perhaps owing to the influence of the weather, or it might be by an anticipation of the bad fortune to befall her.

The Earl of Montargis was a few minutes behind time. He rode a weight-carrying hunter, and had come straight across country, taking all obstacles in his way, hedges, ditches and five barred gates, from Montargis Park. He drew the rein of his panting steed, and, dismounting, tied the horse up to a branch of a tree which grew hard by and was isolated in the midst of the meadow.

He apologized for keeping her waiting, regretted the disagreeable character of the day, and was as polite as usual, and as apparently courteous and sincere in his manner as she could wish; but there was, nevertheless, a lurking constraint behind, which her quick woman's eye detected, and she feared for the success of her hopes before a word was spoken concerning the business upon which they were met.

"Have you thought over what passed between us when we last met, my lord?" inquired Amanda, as he exhibited some hesitation in opening the conversation.

"I have. Your communication, so startling to me, has received my most earnest attention, and after ticular course of action."

"And that is?" she asked anxiously.

"To treat all you have said as a mere fable?" he answered with more courage, setting himself in earnest to the task now that the ice was broken. "I cannot believe anything you have said. My mother and I have held consultations, and we are agreed in thinking that you have been drawing upon your imagination, and that this Mr. Maxwell is some friend of your own, with whom you are in league. Indeed, you were seen talking confidentially to him on the day of my lamented father's funeral, which, you must admit, looked bad. In short, we can have nothing to do with you, and resolutely refuse to make any terms. With regard to my father's will, that will be contested to the last in the Probate Court as soon as you endeavor to prove. Thus you see we are irreconcilables—enemies, in fact, between whom there can be no intercourse. To make a long and disagreeable matter short, I may add that we defy you, and wish you to do your worst, in order that we may know what your worst is. If your story be true, then we shall be glad to do justice to that unfortunate individual whom you allege received such ill-treatment from my father. We wish to act in perfect good faith, and, having nothing to fear, wish for no concealment."

This address paralyzed Amanda, who had expected something of a more encouraging nature. His lordship had not alluded to their marriage, which had been one of the subjects of their former conversation; but she was wise enough to see that he looked with repugnance upon such an alliance, and would make no terms with her. It was only with the exercise of a violent effort that she could collect herself sufficiently to reply.

"Have you considered the consequences of your refusal to treat with me, my lord?" she said.

"I have, and it will be well for you to reflect upon the punishment which would be awarded you if I proceeded against you and this man Maxwell, for a conspiracy to defraud and an attempt to extort money. This will, probably, be the course I shall take if I hear anything more of your absurd statements. Be wise! be warned in time!"

Amanda laughed scornfully.

"Is it well for you to take the high hand in this affair?" she asked. "My opinion is that you should have made terms with me. By defying me you will lose all, and it will be too late to retract when I once proceed to inform Mr. Maxwell of his real status in society. I shall set a ball in motion which our combined efforts will be unable to stop, and you will, in the future, in vain regret your hasty conduct now."

"That is my business," he replied, with some *hauteur*. "I am not afraid of the result of my actions. You will please to consider all negotiations at an end between us, and if you have anything further to say to me be good enough to put it in writing, and send it to me through my solicitor, Mr. Norton, of Nunninton, who is, for the present, retained to look after my affairs in the county."

Not giving her time to reply, the earl sprang lightly into the saddle, and, saluting her with the same scrupulous politeness he had observed at meeting her, cantered away in the direction of Montargis Park, leaving Amanda overwhelmed with conflicting emotions, among which the one which reigned predominant was a desire for revenge.

"He shall dearly rue what he has said and done this day," she said aloud, as she gazed at his rapidly retreating figure. "I will lose no time in making common cause with Maxwell, and between us I think we can hit upon proofs that will make the inmates of Montargis Park tremble. How dare he to defy me! But I could have borne that if he had not slighted my love. Never, never will I forgive him. Never, never will I rest until I make him kneel at my feet and humbly ask my pardon."

Her tempest of rage was soon over and she subsided once more into the cool, crafty, cautious, plotting woman of the world. She walked slowly back to Fonthills and resolved to have an interview with Maxwell without any delay, and enlist him as an ally, by showing him how he could serve himself by serving her. Accordingly, she knocked at Betty Nason's door and waited till the old woman came in answer to her somewhat imperious summons.

"The Lord bless you, miss, for comirg to see a poor lone woman!" exclaimed Betty, who would have gone on with a string of grateful expressions suited to the occasion, had she not been interrupted rather hastily by Amanda, who said:—

"I want to see your lodger, Mr. Maxwell. Is he within?"

Betty Nason's face grew serious.

"No, he isn't, miss," she replied. "I wish to goodness I did know where he was, but I haven't seen him these three days and am getting quite anxious about him. He hasn't been back here since Lord Mayland, that's now the Earl of Montargis, came and took him out for a walk. His lordship's been here to inquire for him to day, saying he left him at the inn in the village, but I have not seen nor heard of him and can't make out at all where he's gone or what's come to him, though I do hope and trust it's nothing bad, for a nicer young man, or a better behaved, when sober, never lodged in a house."

"Fool that I was!" cried Amanda, in a tone of despair. "I might have guessed this. My enemies have over-reached me."

A feeling of faintness came over her and she leant against the door post for support, while the old woman regarded her with astonishment mingled with alarm.

CHAPTER XIX.

What doth ensue
But moody and dull melancholy,
Kinsman to grim and comfortless despair,
And at her heels a huge, infectious troop
Of pale distemperatures, and foes to life?
COMEDY OF ERRORS.

"It is decreed," she said, "that every living creature, even those who owe me most kindness, are to shun me, and leave me to those by whom I am beset. It is just it should be thus. Alone and uncounselled I involved myself in these perils—alone and uncounselled I must extricate myself or die." BRIDE OF LAMMERMOOR

If, as she imagined, she was on the right track in supposing the man Maxwell to be the heir to the earldom of Montargis, Amanda was completely baffled by this bold stroke of the enemy.

The earl's duplicity had deceived her, for, while she fancied he was debating within himself the advisability of marrying her, he was in reality devising a means of extricating himself from the meshes of the net with which she had encircled him.

To carry off Maxwell was a master-stroke of policy, and she was compelled to admit that the earl had deprived her of her principal weapon against him. She was like a scorpion deprived of its sting, and her power for harm was considerably lessened by the daring act of which she could not doubt for an instant the new Earl of Montargis was the perpetrator.

That which pained her most, however, was the shock which her pride received, and the terrible wound given to her vanity by the earl's decided aversion to her. Whether this dislike arose from her lowly origin, which made her in that sense an undesirable wife for one in his exalted position, or whether it was because he had a dislike to her personally, she could not tell. She hoped sincerely it might be the former; that could be got over; but if she found that her particular style of beauty did not find favor in his eyes she could not bridge such a difficulty as that. Her features would retain their regularity, her eyes would remain dark in spite of any efforts to the contrary.

When she was sufficiently recovered she put a few questions which occurred to her to Betty Nason, respecting the time and hour of Maxwell's departure with the earl, and then walked back to the cottage where she lived, locking herself in her room and brooding deeply over the events which had taken place.

Although baffled, she was by no means beaten; she had set her heart on becoming a countess, and she loved the possessor of the title which she hoped would some day ennoble her, and this made her all the more determined to conquer whatever prejudice he had, and persevere in her ambitious attempt to become the earl's wife.

Suddenly a pang darted through her heart as an idea, which she had not before thought of, suggested itself to her. It was probable that the earl, when Lord Mayland, had met some court beauty who had captivated him, and she now knew what it was to be jealous, this detestible feeling losing none of its force and bitterness on account of her not knowing the name of the lady, or in fact feeling sure that there was any ground for her idea at all. The bare suspicion was quite enough to throw her into a fever of unrest, and cause her an exquisite amount of torment. After being a few hours alone she became so restless and excited that she could bear no more solitude, and, descending to the lower part of the house, found old Blarrid, who had been up to Montargis Park and came back full of news, which she was as anxious to communicate to Amanda as the latter was to hear what she had to say.

"The earl has been away these two days," exclaimed Blarrid, "but he's expected back to-night, having gone somewhere in the north of England, or, maybe, Scotland, they say. Mr. Norton, the solicitor, has been over very often this last week, and his advice to the countess is not to go to law with you, but to pay the money, as she must fail. She hasn't quite made up her mind, and I'm told Mr. Norton wants to see you, as he is willing to act for you in the matter. So you'd best go over to Nunninton and make a claim for your rights. My lady has a visitor who's come to condole with her, but my opinion is, it's only a plan to be near the young earl, for folks did couple her name with his last season."

"Her name—what name?" cried Amanda, breathlessly. "Who is she?"

"Lady Constance Beverley, daughter of some nobleman high up at court," replied old Blarrid, perfectly unconscious of the misery she was inflicting upon her listener, who writhed with agony. "She's great friends with the Queen, her mother's a lady-in-waiting, and they're a good deal down at Windsor and at Buckingham Palace. Lady Constance is very fond of the young earl, and so is he of her, if all they say is true. I got a look at her to-night by peeping over the banisters with Jane, the upper housemaid, as they were going in to dinner. She is lovely. More like an angel of light than any one living on earth; her complexion's dazzling, alabaster's nothing to it, and long flaxen hair, and such soft blue eyes and full red lips, that seem to ask you to come and kiss them, while the dignity of her manner says 'Hands off' as plain as if she spoke it! I've seen a few beauties in my time, for I was in high life service in my young days, but Lady Constance beats all. She's perfect, and if I were a man I do think I should fall down and worship her."

Controlling herself with a great effort, Amanda said:—

"I should like to see this unrivalled beauty. Could you manage to get me near her? Perhaps some of the servants at the house will tell you when she is going out, or if she goes to church on Sundays. Did you hear if she earl thinks of marrying her?"

"Nothing is settled," replied Blarrid, "and even if it was an arranged thing the death of the earl would throw it over the twelve months. There'll be no marrying yet, that you may take my word for."

This was good news for Amanda. She recognized the truth of what Blarrid said. Common decency, and that respect for the dead which even the most callous of relations are obliged to show, in deference to the prejudices of society, would effectually prevent the Earl of Montargis from leading Lady Constance Beverley to the altar, even were he inclined to do so, until twelve months at least had passed since the death of his father.

Twelve months!

It was a long time, and much might be done in that period. It put fresh life into Amanda's sinking frame and invigorated her drooping spirit. As she sat by the waning fire, gazing into the glowing embers, trying to read her fate in their fantastic and ever-changing depths, with the old crone's droning voice ringing in her ears without carrying any special meaning, she vowed inwardly that, come what might, the Earl of Montargis should be her husband within that time.

The next day was Sunday, and Amanda went to church, dressed unostentatiously, as usual, in a black silk with a velvet jacket over it. The party from Montargis Park included the countess, her son, the earl, who had returned from the North, the Ladies Gwendoline and Selina Mayland, with their friend, the Lady Constance Beverley.

In spite of the prejudice she had imbibed against this lady, Amanda was forced to admit that in her she had a most formidable rival. If it were true that the earl had met her and given her his heart, she could not wonder at the conquest she had effected over him, for she was very beautiful and seemed to be created on purpose to be loved.

The earl saw Amanda in her pew as he walked down the aisle, and she thought he somewhat ostentatiously offered his arm to Lady Constance Beverley, giving a side glance of triumph at her at the same time. This might have been fancy on her part, but she could not help feeling bitterly annoyed as she walked home. On the following day she visited Mr. Norton, the solicitor, at his office in Nunninton, and he received her very graciously. There was a smile on his lips which encouraged her to hope that her fraud in the will had stood the crucial test of examination by well known experts, and that she would speedily reap the reward of her audacious fraud.

"Take a seat, Miss Garraway," exclaimed Mr. Norton, handing her a chair. "I was about to write to you to-day, and I am extremely glad that you have anticipated my request that you should pay me a visit. I must tell you that I have advocated your cause at Montargis Park with a view to a peaceable settlement, and at first I was received with more contomely than I expected. The countess would listen to no compromise."

"Nor will I," replied Amanda. "It may seem unjust that the countess and her daughters should be deprived of that which they thought they were justly entitled to, but the earl bequeathed his wealth to me because he acknowledged my kindness to him during his illness, and for special reasons, of which I have no cause to be ashamed, Mr. Norton, but which I need not stop to mention at greater length here."

"I think," replied the lawyer, "that I have suggested a means of settlement which will be satisfactory to both parties. The countess, of course, wishes for a separate maintenance, as she has a great repugnance to being dependent upon her son. The sum to which you are entitled under the earl's will is nearly a quarter of a million. My suggestion is that you should give up the odd fifty thousand and be satisfied with the two hundred thousand remaining, which, properly invested, will bring you in, at five per cent., about ten thousand a year. What do you say to this? Allow me to add that I can see you feel an injustice done you in surrendering any part of what is legally yours. But consider the expense of protracted litigation. You may be kept out of this money for some years, though you may eventually enjoy it. Now, I take it that you wish to have it at once, without any litigation. This can only be done by a compromise. There is always the glorious uncertainty of the law, and even if you get a decree in your favor in the Probate Court you will have to wait an appeal to the House of Lords. Take my advice and sacrifice one fifth in order to secure immediately the remaining four fifths."

Amanda saw the force of this reasoning at once and consented to the arrangement suggested by the lawyer, who, by effecting this compromise, as he called it, pleased both parties. The will was uncontested and Mr. Norton promised in a few weeks to so settle matters as pay over to her about two hundred thousand pounds. Old Blarrid was delighted to hear of this arrangement. A favorite saying of hers was that half a loaf is better than no bread; and in anticipation of the settlement she made Amanda take a residence in the neighborhood known as Ivy Tower.

It was very ancient and of Norman architecture, but had been uninhabited for some years, as people said it was haunted. Round it ran a moat, always full of water, which had to be crossed by a drawbridge.

The furniture was old and rather dilapidated, but it altogether pleased the old woman, who was Amanda's mistress, though the latter shuddered every time she entered the place and trembled at the prospect of being shut up in such a dismal and antiquated building with Blarrid, hoping most sincerely that the ghosts who were said to have their abode in the tower would pay her particular attention and drive her out before she had been there a week.

How this expectation was fulfilled will shortly be shown.

Mr. Norton was appointed by Amanda her agent and man of business generally. He prevented any litigation on the part of the Countess of Montargis, and the money he had promised to obtain for her was paid over to her account and lodged in a bank.

Thus was she triumphant so far; and had it not been for old Blarrid whom she hated more and more fiercely every day, she could have uninterruptedly enjoyed the fruits of her daring crime.

CHAPTER XX.

With tears indignant I behold th' oppressor
Rejoicing in the honest man's destruction,
Whose unsubmitting heart was all his crime.
* * * * * *
Around me scowls a wintry sky,
That blasts each bud of hope and joy;
And shelter, shade, nor home have I.—BURNS.

Having obtained all the information it was in her power to give him from Amanda, the Earl of Montargis lost no time in seeking an interview with Maxwell, whom he found accessible enough. Remembering that Amanda had described him as one fond of drinking, the earl put a bottle of brandy in his pocket, which proved a tempting bait. He met the unfortunate fellow at the entrance to the village, looking wistfully at the public house, where his credit was exhausted and he could no more obtain that which was so dear to him.

Betty Nason acted as guide to his lordship and pointed him out, saying:—

"There's the man you asked me for, my lord. He's lodged with me some few weeks now, but I know little or nothing about him. He's not very communicative, though I did hear from somebody that he said himself he had been in an asylum, perhaps from drink, for he's dreadful when he gets his money, which is once a month, from a solicitor in London. He's harmless enough when he's sober; when he's in liquor, however, he raves dreadfully, though I don't know that he ever hurt anybody or did any mischief."

The earl thanked the garrulous old woman for her intelligence and slipped a silver coin in her hand, for which she was deeply grateful. He then approached Maxwell and wished him good morning. The latter stared at him rudely and exclaimed:—

"I am a gentleman, sir, and not in the habit of speaking to any one without an introduction. Possibly you have made some mistake, though I saw you talking in a most confidential manner to the old crone with whom I have the good nature to lodge. I wish you good day, sir, as it is not my custom to hold any intercourse with strangers."

He was moving away, his head proudly erect, when the earl cried:—

"Stay one moment, Mr. Maxwell. I am the son of one whom you knew well, and that must be my excuse for speaking to you so unceremoniously. My father's death has made me Earl of Montargis."

Maxwell became docile and submissive at once. That name alone had power to tame him and he replied:—

"That alters the case, my lord. The earl, whose funeral I attended, was a friend to me, the only one, in fact, I ever knew, although my memory sometimes carries me back to days when kind faces bent over me and loving lips were pressed to mine."

An expression of acute anguish crossed his handsome features, and he pressed his hand to his forehead as if to compel his fugitive thoughts to shape themselves into some distinct and tangible recollection, but the effort was vain, and with a wild laugh he gave up the attempt.

"You shall find in the son a protector equal to the father," said the earl. "That is, I will befriend you if you are indeed poor and friendless, as you would lead me to believe."

"Would lead you, my lord?" exclaimed Maxwell, indignantly. "Is this insult intentional? Have I not already told you that I am a gentleman? and are you so deficient in true gentle blood as to believe that a gentleman would tell a falsehood?"

"Pardon me again. You are so hasty that you mistake my meaning," replied the earl. "I was about to offer my services to you in any way most agreeable to yourself, and as I have a bottle of the finest cognac in the pocket of my coat I propose we stroll into the country and taste its contents. You can then tell me the nature of the protection my poor father extended to you, his motive for interesting himself in you, and any other little details which may occur to you, as I wish to follow my father's example in deserving cases."

"Really, my lord, your phrases irritate one exceedingly," said Maxwell. "Any one would think you were the beadle of the parish holding open the workhouse gates for a 'deserving case,' and that I was the fortunate recipient of parochial relief. I repeat, I am a gentleman, and I hope that in your intercourse with me you will treat me as you would one of your own order. I have a strong inclination to refuse to have anything to do with you, but you have a most potent argument in your pocket, and one which in the present low state of my finances I am unable to resist."

"Thank you for your compliance, which I could wish was due more to a desire to cultivate my acquaintance than to a servile and degrading obedience to a detestable vice. That is how I should speak to any associate of mine, and I say it at the risk of offending you."

With a shrewdness that was habitual to him, the earl saw that the way to treat Maxwell was by a judicious mixture of terrorism and flattery, but that flattery alone would make him intractable. He also knew that he would not leave him as long as any spirit remained in the bottle.

"Come, your hand!" cried Maxwell, bursting into a laugh. "I like a man that's frank and speaks his mind. You have hit upon my failing, if one it be, though the poets and the wits of the world have generally been fond of the bottle, not that I care myself for one or the other. It is true I have hit off verses that any one need not be ashamed of, but I never finish anything; there is something incomplete about all I do. I am not thorough; my education is not finished. I was taken away from school when I was fifteen and then—then came the days in the asylum. They said I was mad and they did all they could to make me so, but it was God's good will that I should see one of the commissioners during his periodical visit, and he let me out at once and sent me to Mr. Nodes, who communicated with his lordship, your noble father, and I was brought down here, where I have been ever since. But, touching this brandy, my dear, good sir. Here is a place where a prince of the blood royal might get intoxicated without a murmur of repugnance. Produce the bottle. I will give the neck the gun room tap, as they say in the navy, and the services of a corkscrew will not be required on this occasion."

He pointed as he spoke to a shed which had evidently been erected for the shelter of some horses and cows grazing in the field into which the two men had strayed. In one corner were some trusses of straw, intended for fodder, but as yet untied. The shed was a welcome protection from the wind, and Maxwell threw himself upon a bundle of straw with a sigh of relief. His companion took a seat by his side and handed him the bottle, at the same time giving him a corkscrew, with which he had provided himself. In an incredibly brief space of time the cork was out and the brandy gurgling through the neck of the bottle into Maxwell's mouth.

"It's your turn," he said, catching his breath and wiping the water from his eyes, which the potency of the spirit had caused to arise. "The brandy's good, though I have drank better."

The Earl of Montargis humored him by pretending to drink, though he scarcely moistened his lips, and Maxwell set the bottle upright in the straw by his side, paying it occasional attention.

"Who is this Mr. Nodes of whom you spoke?" enquired the earl.

"A lawyer," replied Maxwell. "That's not saying much for him, though he has sent me my allowance regularly on the first of the month until lately. Perhaps your father's death may be the occasion of the stoppage of the supplies. However that is, I find it very awkward, for I have had no money these five days, and if it were not for the confiding nature of my landlady I don't know what I should have done. She has supplied my wants and I am grateful to the old creature."

"Have you any idea of the motive which prompted the earl, my father, to take an interest in you?" asked the representative of the house of Montargis. "I put the question to you, Mr. Maxwell, because, if I find that my father gave you an allowance through Mr. Nodes, I shall be most happy to continue it, as I do not wish any one to suffer from his untimely decease."

"All I know is what Mr. Nodes has told me," replied Maxwell. "He says that my father and mother were tenants of the late earl and that they both died raving mad. The doctors said that insanity was hereditary in the family. I can remember nothing, and, though I was a little wild and unruly at school, I was not mad, as they declared. The sights I saw at the asylum for years were enough to deaden the intellect of any young man. The Earl of Montargis took a charitable interest in me. That is all I know. But what care I? Give me the smiling country, my freedom and the means to purchase oblivion—that is another word for brandy, my lord—and enable me to forget the wretched years when I herded with the gibbering wrecks of humanity in the asylum; and I am as a king, and I believe a great deal more so, or I am mistaken in my notions of royalty, and old Will Shakespeare knew nothing about the matter when he sang 'Uneasy Lies the Head that Wears a Crown.'"

The earl skilfully piled Maxwell with questions, but he could extract nothing more from him than what we have already related. He saw that he was a man of an indolent disposition, if not of weak intellect, and that his inordinate passion for drinking was slowly, but surely, and by easily perceptible degrees, softening his brain. That he knew nothing of his supposed parentage was apparent from the information he volunteered and his replies to questions which were put to him. It followed, then, that he was only dangerous if he fell into Amanda's hands, and the earl resolved to remove him from the sphere of her pernicious influence without any delay.

He was an eccentric if not gifted fellow, utterly devoid of ambition, and was perfectly satisfied with being the oracle of a tap-room. Indeed he shone in such a position, and derived as much pleasure from it as if he had been in the House of Commons, an admired supporter of a popular faction.

Long before the earl quitted him Maxwell was hopelessly inebriated. He sang snatches of songs, but he never finished anything he began; his memory failing him after he got through a verse or two. He would begin a story and fly off at a tangent to some other subject before he had got half way with it. He was tolerably well educated, and it was clear that he had made the best use of his time while at school. It he could be weaned from his fatal vice of intoxication he might become a respectable member of society, but that he would ever be a valuable one his indolence led the earl to doubt.

The effect of the brandy upon him was as marked as it was speedy, and in less than two hours the earl left him fast asleep on the straw.

On the following day the earl went to London and had an interview with Mr. Nodes, the solicitor, who was glad to see him and begged a continuation of the favors he had experienced from the late lord. This was readily promised and the earl said:—

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"Indeed," said Mr. Nodes. "Poor young fellow! he has but one fault, and that is intemperance, though he is suspected of hereditary insanity—I know not with what justice. He was the son of some tenant of your father's, I believe. I am but slightly acquainted with his history. He was put into an asylum and turned out as cured. After that your father had him down at Fonthills, but of course you are aware of all that. I used to pay him a small monthly sum, and whenever I came in contact with him I found him well behaved, though peculiar—undoubtedly peculiar."

"So I think," answered the earl, satisfied with this rejoinder, which showed him that Mr. Nodes, with all his acumen, knew nothing, and when he went away he began to have a suspicion that after all Maxwell's identity with the lost son of Stanley Mayland might be a chimera of Amanda's brain.

Knowing her ambitious projects as he did he feared her, and resolved not to give her a chance of injuring him. Maxwell might or might not be his cousin—he would go upon the presumption that he was, and that he had everything to fear from him.

On his return from London he again sought Maxwell, who had not entirely forgotten their last interview and made some jocular remark about it. He was very much pressed for money, and the earl gave him a few pounds, thus establishing at once a claim upon his gratitude. When he had gained his confidence by this timely act of benevolence, he said:—

"Do you not think, Mr. Maxwell, that it would be more satisfactory for you to obtain some sort of employment? You would not then be dependent on me. Not that I begrudge the stipend my father allowed you, but I feel sure that you must stand in need of occupation for the mind. Now, I have a little property in Scotland, only a farm in fact. It is called a shooting box and I am seldom there. If you would like to undertake the management of it at a salary to be hereafter agreed upon between us, I shall be very glad to place you in the position."

Maxwell at once agreed to this proposition. His mind had not been sufficiently capacious and alert to enable him to think of such a plan as this, but when it was once suggested to him he fell in love with it and seemed delighted with the prospect of acquiring independence by his own industry.

To prevent him talking to any village gossips the earl struck the iron while it was hot, and proposed they should start at once. Maxwell made no objection and he waited in a roadside inn while a messenger was dispatched to his landlady, to pay what he owed and bring the few things he had in an old leather portmanteau. The earl, who had gone back to the park to make his arrangements, joined him towards evening and they went together to the station, traveled along a branch line until they reached a junction, when they caught the mail train for the north. Maxwell was happy with a flask of brandy and a case of cigars. He little knew where he was going or what was going to happen on his arrival at his destination, and his disposition was so happy and thoughtless that he did not bestow a moment's consideration on his future.

The Earl of Montargis sat opposite him, in a comfortable compartment of a first class carriage. He, also, was smoking, and he smiled complacently over the cigar he held in his mouth as he reflected on his plans in respect to Maxwell, and congratulated himself upon the ease with which he had induced him to fall into the trap he had laid for him.

TO BE CONTINUED.

SPORTING FESTIVAL IN INDIA.

For Description see Page 365.

LOVE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY SAMUEL N. MITCHELL.

I kissed her lips and I pressed her hand,
And I said be always true to me;
I am going now to a far off land
Hundreds of miles beyond the sea.

Her head it dropped on my shoulder light,
And her deep blue eyes looked up above;
Her golden hair in the rays shone bright,
And she whispered low, "My love, my love."

That was all she said, and I left her there;
I went my way to a sunny clime;
My brain was wrecked by the wear and tear,
And I said that love was an idle rhyme.

And I was right. For when back I came
She stood at the gate with children four;
Her face was fair, she looked the same
As I left her at her father's door.

I passed her by, but she did not smile;
Her eyes were fixed on the linden tree;
"My love, my love," I said the while,
"Why were you not always true to me?"

Providence, R. I.

POWER.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY HAMILTON.

The definition of power, to a casual reflector, is strength; to a more profound thinker, knowledge is power. But it seems to me that power is the skilful use of our knowledge. A man may have as much knowledge as an encyclopædia and yet be powerless from a want of skill in using this knowledge. His head may be a lumber-room, filled with rich furniture, of no use to him or anybody else.

Certainly, *strength* is not *power* always. *Weakness* itself is *power*, when skilfully used. Is not woman's weakness her most potent engine? Would she be so strong if she were not so weak? Delilah answered this question when she beguiled that mighty man of his strength, Sampson, and sheared him as a sheep is sheared and subdued him, a feat which all his male enemies had attempted by force, and found him too much on his muscle to accomplish. And Herodius answered this question in her famous foot race, where she *got ahead of John the Baptist on a charger!* And many a great stalwart husband, who has just paid for that camel's hair shawl, or has just finished that trip to Europe, which he knew he could not afford, will admit with a groan that woman, though very weak, is very strong therein; that his little wife is very powerful, because knowledge is power when skilfully applied.

That the skilful use of our advantages is power is nowhere more strikingly shown than in the prize ring. Witness Tom Allen's chipping to pieces that great mass of flesh known as Mike McCoole. It must have been a fine exemplification of what I have been saying to have seen the ponderous giant impotent in rage and helpless in his strength, while the hand of the master ruled him like a rod of iron.

We have all met with at least one person in our lives who, if you believed him, knew more than anybody else about everything. If knowledge is power, and he possessed a quarter of the knowledge he claimed, he would be the most powerful person living. Unfortunately you have noticed he generally blunders in his statements in such a manner as to show his knowledge to be only a smattering of everything, and a thorough understanding of nothing. There's a very funny anecdote extant concerning the Duke of Wellington and John Wilson Croker, one of the kind of men I have just been speaking about. They were at dinner and Waterloo was brought up among other dinner table topics. Of course it would naturally be supposed that the Duke would be considered authority upon the subject. Not at all! He made some statement and John Wilson Croker poo-poo'd him. There's richness for you! Well, the conversation went on and changed to percussion caps. The Duke made some statement and John Wilson Croker poo-poo'd him again, whereupon his grace said:—

"Come, come, Croker! I may not know anything about the battle of Waterloo, but I'm damned if I don't know *something* about copper caps!"

Here's another instance of power not consisting in strength:—

There was a very valuable dog following his master through the streets of London, and a very savage bull-dog rushed suddenly out and pinned him. He held on desperately and tenaciously. They pulled him, and dragged him, and pumped on him, and beat him with sticks and the flat part of a carpenter's adze, till he ought to have been nearly jellied, and still he held on. By-and-by along came an exquisite, who looked on for a moment and then said:—"Get him by the tail and be ready to pull," whereupon he knelt down and offered to the bull-dog, with his jewelled hand, a golden snuff-box. Up the nostrils went the subtle scent and the grim jaws relapsed in a sneeze. Whereupon the exquisite put his box into his pocket and went his way, saying to the admiring roughs, "Knowledge is power."

How did the builder prove that power is the skilful use of our advantages? He had a building whose walls were never finished anything he began; his memory failing him after he got through a verse or two. He would begin a story and fly off at a tangent to some other subject before he had got half way with it. He was tolerably well educated, and it was clear that he had made the best use of his time while at school. It he could be weaned from his fatal vice of intoxication he might become a respectable member of society, but that he would ever be a valuable one his indolence led the earl to doubt.

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TO

pocket, and it went o" just then and his coat-tail and the contiguous portion of his trousers went off with it.

We rushed to the window just in time to see him clear the hotel steps at a jump, and fly across the road to the creek like a son of Jack-o-lantern on a large scale. There was a plunge, a fizz! Darkness came upon the scene, and such a fit of laughing came upon us as we shall never orget till our dying days.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, MARCH 5, 1870.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

SUBSCRIPTIONS TO THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

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FRANK QUEEN, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,
Nos 88 and 90 Centre st., corner of Leonard.
Box 2,580 New York P. O.

NOTICE.

☞ CORRESPONDENTS, advertisers, and all others writing in relation to matters connected with this or any other department of the CLIPPER, are respectfully requested to address their favors to the editor and proprietor, and thereby avoid omissions, mistakes, and confusion, which are likely to occur when such communications are addressed to our assistants

NOTICE.

ADVERTISERS must hand in their favors before 6 o'clock on Monday evening, in order to have them appear in that week's issue.

To Correspondents.

S. J. H., West Chelmsford.—"A and B are partners against C and D, in a game of high, low, Jack. At the beginning of the last hand, A and B are 5 points to C and D's nothing. A plays low, saves Jack, then throws up his hand, claims the game and a skunk on C and D. C and D say play out the hand and count out, but A and B claim the game and a skunk, and say that C and D cannot compel them to play it out. C and D claim they are not skunked, if the hand is played out, as they have high, and, as high counts first, it makes them one point; they give up the game but say they are not skunked. They have all agreed to leave it to the Clipper to decide." ——1. C and D are not skunked because their high counts before A and B can score either low or Jack.

OLD FRIEND, Detroit, Mich.—"1. A and C are partners against B and D in a game of All Fours, the 5 being turned up. Each of the four scored eight points—A 5, B 3, C 8, D 8—and then A gives him one; B plays, but not a trump; neither does his partner play a trump. A saves his Jack, while his partner, C, throws down the ace and claims game; B and D hold the low and Jack on A's hand. Who wins?" 2. Both parties having equal points in counting game, who is entitled to it?"..... 1. B and D having their score increased to nine by the point given them on the beg, go out on low, which is scored before Jack. 2. Non-decision to be point for neither party.

WASHINGTON BLUE STOCKINGS.—The only way to decide which of the three players mentioned would be the most useful member is to find out which one can fill the most positions well, or, in other words, which is the best general player. You will thus find that McLean is a first class in and out fielder, while the other two can only fill one or two positions creditably, therefore showing that McLean would be the best man for the nine.

J. J. MORRIS, Brooklyn.—1. Crane has left the Atlantics and will play with the "amateur" Alphas. 2 At present we are unable to say when the first game will take place in this vicinity. 3. The Tri-mountains have not selected their nine as yet, nor have they made the following players:—Craver, O'Brien, Ricord, Barrows, Bearman, Bellan, French, Kelly, Sullivan, Pratt and Allen. 4. We do not know when the Young Canadians will come on here.

MOLINEAUX, Washington, D. C.—1. Mace and Wormald never fought each other in the P. R., as the latter was sick and had to pay forfeit—$128. 2. The same Carter, we presume, as the one was none other by that name sufficiently prominent in pugilism to be mentioned to deft Decisions. 3. See Clipper's history and statistical issues of the CLIPPER. 4. Mace and Heenan will not show in Washington, D. C., we are informed.

N. T., Springfield, Ill.—1 Eighteen miles in fifteen minutes is the fastest railroad time in England of which we have any record. 2. Tom Allen is the recognized champion of the American P. R. John Heenan never was. 3. The latter did not appear in the *ring* either before he went to California or while he was there, so that his reputation by his fights with Morrissey, Sayers and King; the first was decided against him, the second a draw and the last a defeat.

J. W. I., Auburn.—The judges and referee having declined to decide, although present, which side was entitled to the money, we cannot undertake to do so. If your statement is correct that Rochester had won five fights and Auburn only three, then it is clear that the former had the best of the main when broken up by a row, and if Auburn refused to continue the contest the referee ought to have decided in favor of Rochester.

J. M., Baltimore.—1. Emma Morton, who played Tilly Slowboy at the Winter Garden Theatre, kept a millinery and dress making establishment on Broadway, this city, under the name of Mad. Barron, that being her husband's name. In 1862 we met her in Philadelphia, since which time we have not seen her, but have heard that she had married again. Her husband, J. M. Barron, from whom she was divorced, now resides in Baltimore.

VAN, Dover.—1. The "Seven Sisters" was produced at Laura Keene's Theatre, Nov. 26 1863. 2. The "White Fawn" had a run of one hundred and seventy-four performances. 3. Niblo's Garden and Wallack's Theatre advertisements appeared in the *Herald* for the first time, after the little trouble between the proprietor of said paper and the managers, in Oct. 1st, 1867.

MINION, Lebanon.—1. The highest average in the various positions are:—Radcliffe, as catcher, 5 and 14 over; McBride, pitcher, 5; Gould, first base, 4 and 3 over; Keach, second base, 4 and 6 over; Waterman, third base, 5 and 8 over; G. Wright, short stop, 5 and 19 over; Cuthbert, left field, 5 and 6 over; Sensenderier, centre field, 5; McVey, right field, 4-74.

A. M. M., Zanesville, Ohio.—It would be unjust to have your name go forth on the music sheet as the author of a piece written for the CLIPPER by another. You should have seen that the title page was strictly correct before permitting the music to be printed. When songs are taken from the CLIPPER, the proper credit should be given to say the least of it.

MUSIC, Zanesville.—1. It is similar to the Siamese Twins. 2. John Wilkes Booth was born in 1838. He was a tragedian. 3. William Varley, better known as "Reddy the Blacksmith." 4. See our dramatic summary as to the whereabouts of the company. 5. From $15 to $60 a week. 6. You have to furnish your own wardrobe. 7. The marriage took place in Prof. Lowe's balloon.

RAM'S HEAD, Washington City.—1. There is a recognized allowance of weight in fighting a slut against a dog. 2. Brettle and Sayers did not fight for the championship; the latter staked £400 to £200 on the fight. 3. No man ever held the Championship of England who was not born on the soil. 4. Jem Ward was born in London.

DICK SWITZELLER, Harrisburg.—You must adopt the Banting dietetic system: avoid butter, milk, sugar, ale and champagne, pork, salmon and bread, and confine your diet to tea, coffee, dry toast or dry biscuit, bacon, and any kind of meat except pork. You can drink any wine or spirit with the exception of that above named.

W. C. T., New Orleans.—1. Her husband was a prominent English turfite. 2. They all came from England. 3. It is one of the best organizations in the country. 4. Lydia is one of the best in her line of business in the country. 5. There will be fresh additions to the troupe, but no more in number.

BUFFALO, Jersey City.—Aymar turned a triple somersault twice on the morning of the day when he broke his neck doing the act. He did it successfully at rehearsal, but killed himself at night in attempting it. James Wheel, an English clown, six years ago, did it several times, nicely and clean, from the batioute board.

INQUIRER, Lansing, Iowa.—1. Ice boats are not built in this city, that is as a regular business, because there's no demand for them, so we have no name of either person or firm to give. They know more about them in Poughkeepsie, and other towns along the Hudson. 2. We have no reason to doubt his honesty, as he always pays us promptly.

HERLTAF, Washington, D. C.—1. John Morrissey never fought a black or any other man in England. He fought George Thompson and Yank Sullivan in this country and John Heenan in Canada. 2. He was born in 1831, it is recorded; consequently, he is about 39 years of age.

GYMNASTICS, A. B. C., Cincinnati.—1. Among our leading first baseman are Star, Fisler, E. Mills and M. Campbell. 2. On second we find Wood, Sweasy, Hatfield and Reach. 3. On third, Charley Smith, Waterman, Hatfield and Nelson. 4. The "Red Stockings" will open their season as soon as the weather will permit.

PICKLED HERRING, San Francisco.—1. Joseph Jefferson, John E. Owens, Stuart Robson, William Warren, Owen S. Fawcett, John S. Clarke and G. L. Fox. 2. John T. Raymond did play Asa Trenchard in this city. 3. For general business Jefferson, Owens and Robson

J. J. H., Baltimore.—1. Francis S. Key is the name of the author of "The Star Spangled Banner." It was written in 1812. 2 Howard Paul was the first one to introduce the can can into the United States. He danced it in his little piece called "Ripples on the Lake."

CONSTANT READER, Baltimore.—1. Mace and Sayers never fought each other either in or out of the ring, consequently Sayers could not have whipped him in a circus ring. 2. Mace has beaten every man he ever fought with, but has not won every battle.

FORT WAYNE, Ind.—1. Horses were first used to Engine No. 8, Nolan Street Department, in Ludlow street, N. Y. 2. In running, a horse can take the inside position at any time, provided he does not interfere with any other horse in so doing.

JOSEPH P., Boston.—1. Two points are all that may be taken for "Shirt-ions"? 2. Can't say why, but so it is. There are many rules governing games of ancient origin that cannot be accounted for, except that they have become so through custom.

J. B., Fort Wayne, Ind.—1. We are told that they cannot be relined, so as to be made water-tight, after having been bursted. 2. Mace's height is 5ft 9 inches; Sayers was 5ft 8¾in. 3. See last week's CLIPPER in regard to English and French wrestling.

WILL.—1. Mr. Wansbold has not quit the business for good. He has been compelled to so south in consequence of declining health. 2. There is such a person as Charlie Austin in the minstrel business, but we cannot locate him at present.

NO 1, Genesee, Buffalo.—1. The fastest consecutive three mile heats in trotting were those of Goldsmith Maid, at Buffalo, last August, viz:—2:19¾; 2:19¼; 2:19¾. 2. We do not know Homer Lane's age.

JAMES BERT, Oswego.—1. The fight between Morrissey and Poole was the result of a feud between two rival factions. 2. They met on Amos street dock by mutual agreement. 3. You cannot procure daily papers of that date.

STOCKHOLDER, New Orleans.—Mace is not a Jew—we doubt whether he could answer some of your questions himself—he claims to have Irish blood in his veins, but never asserted that he was of Jewish origin.

EN. M. H., Philadelphia.—E. D. Davis and Bill Young are both credited with having run one hundred yards in 9¾ seconds in public. George Seward, in England, is credited with having made the distance in 9¼ seconds.

DECLINED.—Fred. Norley's challenge in behalf of the "Unknown" for a 150 yards race for $100, is respectfully declined by Hugh S. Farren until three or four months hence, as he has a business engagement too profitable to neglect.

FIRE FLY.—1. E. Mills is considered a better first baseman than Gould. 2. Fegler covers a larger space in the centre field than Harry Wright, and therefore is thought to be better. 3. Hatfield and Waterman are about equally effective at third base.

ANTWERP.—Heenan and Mace's share in the great benefit at the Old Bowery, we are informed, was less than $800 each. At the Opera House, Williamsburgh, they pocketed $111 between them. They have been idle the past week.

ROMEO, Washington.—1. A wins; the dog whose turn it is to scratch must cross the pit to the other dog's corner. 2. There is no allowance of weight in the case unless specially agreed upon when the match is made.

C. S. W., Astoria, Oregon.—"A cribbage the cards are played as follows:—3, 5, 4, 5. Is he who played the last 5 entitled to a sequence of three?"..... No. The two previous sequences were all right.

HOOLAHE RIDGE, Washington D. C.—Leamington, owned by Mr. F. Hill, won the Chester Cup in 1857. D. Hughes being his jockey. Thirty-five started. Drumour was second and Dulcamara third.

M. O. S., Boston.—We have no record of the Pittsburgh ratter, Rora, that you inquire about. Kit Burns has a dog that killed 300 rats in nearly the same time as your Charlestown phenomenon.

J. W. J., Reading, Pa.—There is no law to prevent the President of the United States holding office for three terms if duly elected by the people.

JACKAY, Bloomington, Ill.—1 As A failed to carry the weight the time mentioned, he loses his bet. 2. There is no record of any such ridiculous performances.

ENQUIRER, Baltimore.—1. John Wilkes Booth was named after John Wilkes, the patriot and Lord Mayor. 2. The Salt Lake Theatre seats 1 800 persons. 3. The Philadelphia Academy seats 2,573.

BUCK, Chicago.—1. Lydia Thompson is a widow. 2. We cannot give you the age of Eliza. 3. Elise Holt was born in London in 1847.

SAMMY Albany.—There are no likenesses of Sullivan, either in or out of costume. You can get Heenan's at E. B. Fay's, No. 160 Nassau street, this city.

SO SO.—1. Johnny Thompson is in Memphis. 2. Tony Pastor. 3. John C. Heenan was born in West Troy, May 1, 1834. 4. Fanny Herring was born in London, Eng., in 1854.

IXION, Toledo.—Your letter, dated Feb. 23th, reached us on the 25d, two days too late. If you mail your correspondence on Friday night it will reach us in time.

J. F. G., Buffalo.—1. Your last poem is not equal to the previous one and is declined. 2. Compositors in this city receive 45, 50 and 55 cents per 1,000.

SMITH & LOCKHART, Towanda, Pa.—The advertisement, to take a space of ten lines, will cost, for three months, $13 60, and for six months $9 25, cash in advance

DUNLAP, Chicago.—Where both parties are eight, the one making low, Jack, wins the game, as the cards are scored as follows:—high, low, Jack, game.

E. H., Philadelphia.—C. Fechter was born in Hanway Court Yard, Oxford street, London. His father was a German and his mother an Englishwoman. He was brought up and educated in France.

W. C., Brookline, Mass.—1. The averages came too late in the season for publication. 2. You can have them printed according to the card enclosed

L. S., Baltimore.—Heenan and Mace will probably visit Baltimore and all the principal cities. Their manager is now making the necessary arrangements.

ORION, Philadelphia.—The principals must advance to the scratch as soon as time is called. There is a half minute allowed between rounds.

D. M. T., Dover, N. H.—The fight between Poole and Morrissey was a rough and tumble affair, and resulted in the defeat of the latter.

FISTIANA.—In answer to numerous correspondents Mr. Clarke informs us that the latest edition of Fistiana is now on its way here, and all back orders will be supplied on arrival.

HARRY, Boston.—It has not been published yet, but will shortly.

IXION.—We should have been informed that you were corresponding for another paper. We do not wish to interfere with the affairs of our contemporaries.

TRIO, Boston.—1. William Florence has played it, but Barney Williams has not. 2. Barney Williams' last engagement in your city was at the Boston Theatre.

J. W.—The first passenger line of steamers across the Atlantic was the Bristol and New York, to which the Great Western and Great Britain belonged.

BOCHE, Salem, O.—The party you inquire after resides in Oneida Co, N. Y., but he has no game fowls for sale at the present time.

READER, Jacksonville.—1. The Stadt Theatre, 3,015; Bowery, 2,450; this city. Britannia London Eng., 3,922; Covent Gardeo, 2,500.

PAINE, Washington, D. C.—The man who advertises writes songs and minstrel sketches only. We do not know of any one who makes a business of what you require done.

ARITHMETICIAN, Reading.—Your proposition has been going the rounds of the press, just as you send it to us, for several weeks. You will have to solve the "problem" without our assistance.

D. D.—1. Edwin Forrest was born in Philadelphia in 1806. He has been on the stage since he was a boy. He has no children living. 2. Your chirography is fair.

MAY.—1. Lingard's company will not return to this city this season. 2. Nelly Pierris, now at the Grand Opera House, was the wife of Abner S. Brady. 3. James Hass no children.

STAKEHOLDER, Quincy, Ill.—As the game was unfinished, and the players mutually agreed to throw it up, neither party can claim the stakes, but each man must have his own money returned to him.

BOXER.—Perhaps you would meet with greater attention in a gymnasium, a teacher being connected with nearly every establishment of that kind.

S. V. V., Washington.—Mr Leland keeps several breeds of fowls on his Westchester farm, including Bramahs, Dorkings, black Spanish, &c.

READER, Cleveland, O.—In a fair walk both feet may not be off the ground at the same time.

A. M. A., Lowell, Mass.—There is such an association in some of the large cities.

A. B., Cincinnati, O.—Ashby de la Zouch is in Leicestershire, England.

T. M. Wheeling.—You will find the movements of the companies referred to recorded in the CLIPPER from week to week.

E. P. C., Vicksburg.—Lecturers generally commence their season in October. They are paid from $100 to $150 for each lecture.

FOREST CITY, Savannah.—Walking gentlemen generally play such characters.

CRESCENT, New Orleans.—You are correct—only the score of games played by regularly organized clubs are required.

ANTIETY, Albany.—The transaction referred to took place after the fight, but no blow was struck by either party on the occasion.

W. R. K., Hagerstown.—We have not got the numbers you require

O. S. AND F. M.—Hebrew is the more ancient language of the two.

H.—The party who threw 4 in the throwing off the tie for the prize for low wins

PEORIA.—We do not wish to enter into any arrangement of the kind at present.

A. E. W.—1. You don't say whether walking or running. 2. The population of Rochester, N. Y., is 63,000.

J. S. T.—Both of them are secret institutions, with the workings of which we are not posted.

J. O. M., Natick, Mass.—Tom Sayers' height was 5ft. 8¾inch; weight, 152 lbs.

JAMES, Buffalo.—We cannot inform you where Mr. Albert Norton is at present.

P. P. F., Leavenworth.—Jefferson's receipts exceeded considerably those of Lotta in this city.

S. N. M.—Those that have been accepted will be published as the opportunity offers.

F. FORREST, Peoria.—A and B can settle the trump between them; C has no right to interfere.

J. COCHRAN, Kingston.—We never send the CLIPPER to agents unless by order of such parties.

OLD POINT.—It is said to be genuine, but we cannot decide from personal knowledge.

E. M., Phila.—Gladiateur's time of 1:39, over the 2,000 Guineas Course (1 mile 17 yds) is the fastest on record.

C. E. H., Richmond, S. I.—Sketch received. Will be given a place at an early day.

S. McM., Providence, R. I.—It took Jack Rook fifty-three minutes to beat Tom Kelly, on April 25, 1865.

A. B. D., Oshkosh.—A, playing low, goes out before C's high, Jack, game.

READER, Alleghany.—We are not conversant with the rules of the game chuantz.

T. K., San Francisco.—Have handed your letter to Messrs. Peck & Snyder, who will no doubt reply promptly.

BUSHWILL, Ill.—We do not know how you are to get one unless you "catch a whale."

SUPE, Baltimore.—You should have affixed your proper name to the statement.

T. D., Amherst, N. H.—W does not lose the deal by bunching them.

J. H. C., Allegheny City.—1. The ace deals. 2. A cannot play it alone.

WARRIOR, Allegheny, Pa.—We cannot inform you as to the wealth of the gentleman named.

R. D. F., Chicago.—Lady Suffolk was foaled in 1833; first trotted in 1838, and died, we believe, in 1858.

GEO. T. P., Lynchburgh, Va.—1. Jem Mace fought Joe Goss on Sept. 1st, 1863. 2. Jem's height is 5 ft. 9 in.

JOHN N. MALIFF.—No, Mr. McDevitt did not take part in the billiard tournament at Irving Hall during April and May, 1869.

T. MCN., Chicago.—He cannot compel the dealer to turn the last card for the trump. The cards must be shuffled and dealt again.

W. H., Trenton.—The odds against throwing 18 three times in succession with three dice are 1,007,765 to 1.

UNCLAIMED, Steubenville, O.—Henry Hays, of No. 649 Broadway, this city, can give you the desired information probably.

O. J., Olney.—We cannot inform you to whom you can write in Mexico for the desired information.

DOC.—1. William Newcomb was the original "Essence." 2. Mert Sexton danced it before Dan Bryant.

J. V. B.—The advantage possessed by the dealer is counter balanced by the non dealer claiming game in the event of a tie.

BASE BALL, Buffalo.—G. L. Fox's version of "Hamlet" is a burlesque.

LADDY, Nashville.—Rachel came to this country in 1855. Sailed from Havana, for France, Feb. 9, 1856.

"ON THE SQUARE."—See elsewhere in this issue. What is your address?

TELEGRAPH OPERATOR, DeWitt.—Write to Thompson and Riggs, dramatic agents, this city.

ACTOR, Pittsburgh.—You can get a room for that price per week at the New England House, corner Bowery and Bayard streets.

"GEORGE".—We are unable to name the lady and great is our tribulation in consequence.

"QUAKER CITY.—We do not wish to enter into any fresh engagement at present.

BAD DICKEY.—John Nunan was in the cast of "East Lynne" when played at Niblo's Garden in January, 1865, by Lucille Western.

A SUBSCRIBER, Washington.—Maggie Mitchell was born in New York in 1832.

R. J. S., St Louis.—We thank you for your offer, and shall be pleased to receive the item at your convenience.

JAMES TOOLEY, Mobile, Ala.—We do not know of any such.

RED JACKET.—You had better not go in that capacity at present.

J. P., Memphis, Tenn.—Bill Pool was shot on Feb. 25th, 1855.

INQUIRER, Cincinnati.—The dealer counts the Jack turned up.

G. B. C., Dublin, Md.—We do not get number you require.

E. B., Jeffersonville, Ind.—Received and accepted.

FRED W.—It will shortly appear.

HUSH.—Accepted and will soon appear.

UNCLE JOE.—Accepted and will soon appear.

J. C., St. Louis.—Respectfully declined.

JOHN MC.—No, he made no such offer.

FRANK QUINEY.—No one has any such a letter.

TOM, Carlisle.—Alice Placide is not married.

ADA WRAY.—The advertisement costs $3.

R. S. P.—Thank you.

LODI, Bangor.—Dexter's fastest record is 2:17¼.

W. D., Detroit.—We have one there.

PERCIVAL, Rochester.—Send us your post office address.

THE PRIZE RING IN THE UNITED STATES SENATE.—Senator Wilson, of Massachusetts, has introduced a bill in the United States Senate, the object of which is to put an end to the American Prize Ring. This projected reform has been suggested, probably, by the numerous quarrels and fights which are constantly going on among our representatives at Washington, and which have so degraded our national councils in the eyes of other powers. Brother Wilson will, no doubt, see the importance of incorporating a section in his bill which shall make it a penal offence for any member of Congress to engage in a fight while either body is in session. In this way the time and money of the American people may be saved and the character of our representatives be greatly raised in public esteem. There is no doubt but that this law against fighting will be put through in double quick time; for, though fond of fighting, our Congressmen may not wish to be known as opposing the bill, on principle; and as the fighters outside of Congress have no money to spend in *lobbying* against the proposed measure, we can see nothing to prevent its speedy passage. The Mr. Wilson referred to is not the well known Ed. Wilson, who fought Harry Gribbin and others, and whose house at Weehawken was so long the resort of "the boys."

THE PRESS AS SHOOTISTS.—Capt. John Travis, well known in pistol manipulation, proposes to have a grand pistol shooting match at his rooms in Rochester, N. Y., between the editors of the papers of that city. The rule governing this match is:—"Each contestant will be permitted to shoot as many cards as he pleases, each card consisting of six consecutive shots." The match was to commence on Feb. 28th, at 10 A. M., and conclude March 3d, at 11 P. M. From these cards shot Capt. Travis is to select the best, and the gentleman making the best target within the time specified will be entitled to the Champion Press Prize of Rochester. This is a good idea, and we hope to see it carried out in other cities, for editors now-a-days are frequently the objects of assault at the hands of those who have made shooting a study; and as Congress is about to pass a law against fighting with the fists, newspaper men will have no means of defence except the pen and pistol. By all means, therefore, let us post ourselves in shooting.

ANOTHER ROW—not a fighting row, good reader, but a peaceful contest on the waters—Will come off during the approaching season between what is known as the "Paris crew," of New Brunswick, and the well known champions of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, England. While these parties are making preparations for the struggle, is there not sufficient strength among American oarsmen to form a crew to challenge the winners of that race? We admit that the "Paris crew," as well as the Tynesiders, are first-class oarsmen, and it will require a well selected and well trained four to contend against them with a fair chance of success; but we can believe that a crew can be made up, if sufficient encouragement is offered, who could make a good run against any crew they might be matched with. What say our boating friends to the suggestion?

PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATES.—A Washington letter writer says:—"Gen. Sheridan is carved out of the material of which presidents should be made," because he "impresses you with the awful attribute of power," as he has "uncommonly broad shoulders for his height." Whereupon a city paper says:—"Our own choice for the next presidency is Mr. John C. Heenan, whose 'awful attribute of power' is at least two inches broader than General Sheridan's." A good idea—let John Carmel be elected, not only because of his "awful attribute of power," but, because he is so well posted in the ways of the "strikers," he would be better able than any "other man" to control them during a stubbornly contested campaign—which the next is likely to be. What says the hero of Farnborough?

ELEGANT EXTRACT.—A daily paper, in speaking of a contemporary, says, "it is thrashing around like a shot tailed bull in fly time, and only stands still now and then long enough to roar out some rubbish about an independent press." Elegant—isn't it? Wonder if there are any libel suits or cowhidings in prospective. Of a verity our "independent press" has a very "independent" way of splattering filth on any one who may be unfortunate enough to come near it.

DIRTY PIETY.—A religious newspaper says:—"If candidates for baptism present themselves, whose physical cleanness is questionable, we entreat the administrator to instruct them to wash themselves at home and to use soap. The baptistery is *not* a bath tub, and when candidates enter it they do *not* go in to bathe." That's rough on the candidates.

WOMAN'S NEEDS.—An exchange says:—"Woman's natural rights are to love and be loved. If she had these we should hear little of her political needs." There is little doubt that the principal "need" of woman is that of being loved and cherished; but if many of them knew more of "knead"-ing than they do, there would be less need for the display of kneed-ful rights.

ANOTHER FLYING MACHINE is spoken of as the invention of a Robert Hardley, of this city. We can hardly look for any successful experiment in this line. All flying machine inventions have heretofore gone "up in a balloon."

TANSY.—An effort is being made in this city to reduce the price of "drinks" to ten cents. It may be well enough to bring down the price, but won't it reduce the quality, and have a tendency also to bring down the imbibers in large numbers?

DIVORCES are becoming more and more numerous every day, and everywhere. Divorce *suits* are usually evidences of bad *tale-o'ring* (the well-informed and shrewd reader will read this as *tailoring*), or, in other words, a *miss* fit.

BEAR BOUNTIES in Maine foot up $1,500 this winter. Can the state treasury bear such a drain?

WIRE TRAPS have been found in the lamp post letter boxes. The police are on the look out for the thieves.

Squibs and Things.

— One of our California exchanges says:—"If the new county of Donner is set up, Nevada county will retain Humbug, Gouge Eye, Red Dog, You Bet, and a few other uniquely named localities, though it will lose 'God's Country.'" What a wicked wretch!

— A wild pigeon lately flew into the face of a man who was walking along the street in Saginaw, Mich., and knocked him down, tearing his cheek, knocking out one tooth and loosening several others. The concussion killed the poor bird.

— Richmond has a society of "colored ladies," known as "The Daughters of Enoch!" They are in much tribulation just now in consequence of the absquatulation of the secretaryess with the funds of the "institootion."

— A gentleman in Providence lately caught fifty-two rats by removing a barrel of oats the rats had been in the habit of feeding on, and placing in its stead a barrel of water with a sprinkling of chaff on its surface,

— Buffalo Bill, right name Levi Maize, a noted scout during the rebellion, and recognized as the best shot in the west, was fatally shot by a teamster known as "Flying Dutchman" at White Pine, on Feb. 26th.

— A match factory at Oshkosh, Wis., wants fifty girls. "Match-making" seems to be a legitimate business in Wisconsin. In this neighborhood it is generally monopolized by the old women.

— The increasing age of the London hangman has rendered it necessary to appoint a successor to his office. This fact becoming known brought out nearly two hundred applicants.

— An Auburn State prison convict has been accused of stealing property belonging to the "institution" and selling it to "outside" parties—for which he is threatened with expulsion.

— A horse fair is shortly to be held at Punxsutowney, Pa. It may be a fair place to hold a fair at, but it's not fair to call a town—or anything else—by such an outrageous name.

— The *Revolution* says there is a faro bank on Fourteenth street, Washington, kept by a woman, and that the clerks of the treasury go there and gamble away their salaries.

— A Chinaman thus speaks of an English law court:—"One man is quite silent, another talks all the time and twelve wise men condemn the man who has not said a word."

— A clergyman of Hartford announces that he will preach from the text:—"The glory of a woman is her hair." It is expected he will give the chignons "ballyhoo."

— A colored man named Smart died a few days ago in Franklin county, Ky., aged 106 years. He was married twenty-five times, it is said, and survived all his children.

— The papers announce that in the war of 1812 a Mr. Pease, of Ohio, was so badly injured that he lingered until a few days ago, when his sufferings ended in death.

— According to official reports there were 55,002 births in Paris during 1869. Of these 15,446 were illegitimate; there were also 45,890 deaths and 18,596 marriages.

— A legislator lately wrote to his wife at home to find out what his religious belief was, and she replied "he'd better call it Protestant, and let it go at that."

— A colored man aged one hundred and fifty years lately died in Brazil. He could remember things which happened one hundred and forty years ago.

— "An invitation," says the *London Globe*, "will probably be offered to American riflemen to visit Wimbledon for an international rifle match this year."

— A club house is about being built in Madison avenue, the second floor of which is to be fitted up as a *bijou* theatre. By Joe that's good for some one.

— On the 19th of February a car was propelled on the Greenwich street Elevated Railroad, from Cortlandt to Thirtieth street, in fifteen minutes.

— Orders have been issued to re-commence work again at the Brooklyn Navy Yard—one thousand men will probably be employed in a few days.

— The editor of a Canadian newspaper is seeking for information, and asks:—"What does 'Shoo Fly' mean?" Can the author enlighten him?

— What a consuming passion it must have been that induced Miss Dunn, of St. Paul, to bite off her lover's thumb, which she did lately.

— An Iowa editor, in noticing a church choir, said:—"It's like driftwood in a stream—it drags on the bars, yet don't amount to a dam."

— Thomas Fearon has built a six oared shell boat 50 feet 6 inches long, 19¼ inches deep with 12 inch cockpit, for Yale College.

— It is said that about half of the women who voted at the last election in Salt Lake city went straight against Brigham Young.

— A man in England has just been released from prison, where he had been confined for twenty-seven years for a debt of £1.

— The first section of the Pneumatic Railway Tunnel, in this city, was opened for inspection on the 26th of February.

— A police justice in Troy lately sent a man to the workhouse because he had "an abject horror for hard labor."

— The daily consumption of water in London is 92,000,000 gallons, while Paris uses 46,858,900 gallons.

— The Recorder of Chicago in one day pronounced sentences amounting to two hundred years' hard labor.

— An ordinance authorizing a paid fire department has passed both branches of the Pittsburgh City Council.

— The *Salt Lake Reporter* says one Mormon family has buried *one hundred and forty-eight* children.

— A brass door for the Wolf Rock Lighthouse in England has lately been cast, weighing 1,456 pounds.

— The King of Prussia lives almost entirely on eggs, milk and French brandy. A sort of egg nog diet.

— J. R. Smith, a veteran of 1812, died at Newark, N. J., on the 26th ult., aged four score and five years.

— In a Rhode Island "poor house" is a lunatic who has been *chained to the floor for eleven years!*

— A fellow in Michican swallows ten-penny nails for ten cents each. Isn't that hard fare?

— In 1866 there were 353,798 dogs registered in Ireland; two years after there were only 248,003.

— The citizens of Berks county, Pa., are indulging in the excitement of fox chasing.

— Three hundred and twenty-eight bears were killed in Maine during the year 1869.

— The Brooklyn Fire Commissioners are putting up telegraph wires for fire alarms.

— A gentleman at Macon, Ga., has an ox which weighs 4,545 pounds.

— Six hundred and eighty-three horses were eaten in Paris last year.

— Seven out of every ten children born in Rome are illegitimate.

— The bootblacks of Sacramento, Cal., wear uniforms.

— There are fifty-seven snow shoe clubs in Canada.

GREAT TYPE SETTING MATCH IN NEW YORK.

CHALLENGE TO THE WORLD.

On Saturday, Feb. 19th, a type setting match came off in the composing rooms of the *Daily Times*, in this city. Mr. E. A. Donaldson, a compositor on that journal, wagering $100 to $50 that Mr. Ahrensberg, a brother typo, could not set four sticksful of solid minion in one hour; he being entitled to one breakline containing one or more words in each stickful. There was a large attendance of the leading compositors in the city present, and betting was brisk; "time" having a decided call. His first stickful was completed in 13min. 55sec.; his second in 13min. 50sec.; his third in 14min., and his fourth and last in 14min. 10sec.; thus completing his task in 55min. 50sec. with 4min. 5sec to spare. He continued on until the hour was up, when it was found that he had composed 2,064 ems.

This led to a second match on time; it being wagered that he could not set 1,800 "solid" minion of the *Sun's* types in one hour; the type of that paper being lean and thin, while the *Time's* type is very "fat." This trial came off on Saturday, Feb. 26th, and the "Lightning Typesetter" accomplished his difficult task in 59 min. 30 sec., having half a minute to spare. His friends offer to match him against any compositor in the world for one hour or one week. The winner is only 21 years old, and for some time has been famous for doing the work of two men in type setting.

CURLING.

CALEDONIAN CURLING CLUB.—The annual match between the "Skips" and "Thirds" of this well known Canadian club, took place in Montreal on Feb. 24th. It was finely contested on both sides, every one exerting himself to the utmost to bear off the palm. The first game was very close, the "Thirds" winning by one shot, but the other three were easily won by the "Skips." The following score will show the result:—

Game No. 1	Skips..... 6.	Thirds.....	7
Game No. 2	Skips..... 7.	Thirds.....	2
Game No. 3	Skips..... 7.	Thirds.....	3
Game No. 4	Skips..... 7.	Thirds.....	3
Total	27.		15

Majority for the Skips, 14.

TOLEDO VS. TOLEDO.—On Feb. 24th the members of this club indulged in two games at Toledo, Ohio. There was a large number of spectators on the ice, who enjoyed the game muchly, while the curlers themselves, finding the ice in splendid condition, the weather fine and the spectators enthusiastic and appreciative, did their best to make the game enjoyable. The score stood:—

Rink 1.	J. L. Smith, skip..... 21.	A. T. Stebbins, skip.....	5
Rink 2.	J. L. Smith, skip..... 9.	A. T. Stebbins, skip.....	14
Total	30.		32

Majority for J. L. Smith, 8.

THE RING.

FIGHTS TO COME OFF.

APRIL 12.—Ed. Touhey and Jim Kerrigan, 134 lbs., $250 a side.
MAY 10.—Jem Mace and Tom Allen, $2,500 a side, and the championship of America.

THE IMPENDING CONFLICT

BETWEEN

JEM MACE AND TOM ALLEN FOR $5,000.

Now that the ides of March are upon us, people naturally begin to discuss the probability of the two old world gladiators settling down in some sequestered spot where the temptations of the world and the flesh (not the twelve) may be partly got rid of. Of the two men Mace naturally will need the most preparation, not having undergone a course of training for some years, whereas Allen has been at it pretty much all the time since his arrival in the States. A couple of months, or say six weeks at the least, are wanted for the old one, while the young one can do with a month probably. This will give Mace but a very short time to star it, as he and Heenan contemplated not having made a dollar or appearing anywhere for money the whole of the past week. It was the original calculation of the hero of Farnborough and his side partner to have made one stand every other day, but so far they have only appeared in this city and in the Burgh.

Nothing has yet been heard about colors, whether the men intend to have any or no, outside those actually required in the ring. In such an important match one naturally looks for more stir and more excitement than has yet shown itself in this section, or even in the great west. True, it is two months before the time appointed for the battle, but those who recollect the Hyer and Sullivan match, and also that of Morrissey and Heenan, will confess to much more talk being indulged in than so far has been displayed in this match. We have no doubt, however, that the instant either man settles down in his training quarters the public interest will be awakened accordingly. O'Donnell's mission to New Orleans may have something in it beyond the mere trip, and it is just possible he has been sent ahead to interest himself in behalf of one or the other of the principals, as Tom is very popular thereaway, and his judgment is of no mean order. He informed us before leaving that he did not intend to return till after the fight.

It must not be forgotten that another $1,000 a side falls due March 22d.

P.S.—Since writing the above we learn that Mace and Heenan are to appear at Fox's Theatre, in Philadelphia, on Wednesday, March 23; Baltimore, at the Front Street Theatre, Thursday, the 24; at Wilmington, Del., Friday the 25th and at Taylor's Opera House, Trenton, N. J., Saturday, the 5th. After leaving town the following Monday they will not probably return to New York.

It is rumored that we are soon to have a large number of English boxers hereaway, whose mission is to see the big fight—amongst those mentioned are Joe Goss, one of Mace's old opponents; George Sims, an antagonist of the late Tom Sayers; Tuss Tyler, who fought Baldock; Brockett, Bob Travers and others, and a whole school of other pugs.

THE BIG LITTLE MATCH BETWEEN COLLYER AND EDWARDS.

The most important pugilistic match which has taken place for many a day, especially to the Empire City and Long Island boys, is that of the bold soldier boy, Tom Collyer, and Billy Edwards, an adopted son of Columbia, originally from the land of baked paintings and Brummagem buttons. The feeling, not necessarily a quarrelsome one, runs high on the approaching struggle, and the various resorts of the fancy in this city, Brooklyn and the Burgh are nightly the scenes of some of the most animated discussions. This time, it would appear from practical observations, that what is called the gang is divided, giving each man his portion, although we cannot see that that should have anything to do with the battle. Sam has had to keep on the go all the time to prevent gaining too much weight, being tied down this time to a marked line much below what was at first anticipated, but brought about in his anxiety to get a second shy at the white headed boy. He, in conjunction with the Star and Garter Club, Harney and Garney gave an exhibition of boxing at the Opera House, Williamsburgh, on the

declined by Hugh S. Farren, until three or four months hence, as he has a business engagement too profitable to neglect.

WE HAVE a letter for John Oddy.

BILLIARDS.

BILLIARDS IN BRITAIN.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP.

The match for the billiard championship of Great Britain, between W. Cook, Jr., and J. Roberts, Sr., the latter forty-seven years of age, the former not yet of age, took place at St. James' Hall, London, on Feb. 11th, which Cook won by 117 points, as stated in our issue of the 19th ult., in which we gave tolerably full particulars as received by Atlantic telegraph, which obviates the necessity of going into particulars now. Just to give, however, a penographic portrait of the men and the scene, we quote as follows from the *Sporting Life* of Feb. 12th:—"Robert's appearance contrasted very much with that of Cook, whose extreme juvenility evidently took the unlitated by surprise. Each was attired in black and in his shirt sleeves, Roberts wearing, as is his wont, a wide-awake during the match. Perfect order having been obtained after some slight difficulty, the first ball was struck at a quarter past eight. Shortly afterwards the Prince of Wales, accompanied by Colonel Keppel, the Earl of Leicester, Hon. O. Montague, Hon. Mr. Arundel, Mr. Sumner and Mr. G. Russell, came in so quietly that for some time the arrival of the heir to the throne was unnoticed. Upwards of one thousand spectators were assembled when the game opened. It was plain at first that both men were somewhat nervous, but it soon wore off, and when the first stroke was made the silence contrasted strangely with the hum and babbling just before. The only ladies present were Mrs. Cook, Mrs. J. Bennett and two or three feminine friends, and the young champion more than once looked up, and with natural pride smiled in confidence at his fair partner. During the progress of the first portion of the game the most skilful strokes were greeted with enthusiastic recognition, and Cook, upon the first occasion that he secured position for the spot stroke (at 40), was greeted with several rounds of applause. The Prince of Wales watched this display—only five in succession—with manifest interest and the deepest curiosity, and when Cook broke down there was a general feeling of disappointment. When the players settled to their work they were quite composed and collected, Cook's bearing being reserved and becomingly modest, while the veteran performed in his usual jaunty fashion, and constantly offered to back himself, pausing early to hand bank notes up to Steel, who was three or four benches up on the right. The first bet made by Roberts with Steel was 20 to 10. Shortly afterwards a gentleman betted Steel 200 to 100 on Cook, which the leviathan, not relishing much, disposed of by retailing the same bet out in tenners and small amounts. In the fifteen minutes' interval 100 to 40 was currently offered on Cook, without finding takers. The prevalent opinion among those conversant with Roberts' play was that in the first stage of the game, up to 600, he was too off-hand, and ill natured critics went so far as to describe him as acting with indiscreet flashness. The Prince left at twelve o'clock and expressed himself highly pleased with Cook's fine play in the second half of the match. His Highness at the same time, we understand, declared his intention of not witnessing another match except on the old fashioned tables, as he wished to see how the great breaks, of which he had read so much, were played. Each man towards the close was very careful, and the play proportionately slow for some time, until Cook was 1,132 to 1,083. Here, with a little luck, he got the balls in good position and worked them so well that he ran out with an incompiete break of 68, several of his losing hazards being especially brilliant. The winning stroke was a losing red hazard into the middle pocket, at twenty minutes to two o'clock. The match altogether lasted just five hours, of which two hours and forty minutes were occupied in making the first 600. Cook was thus declared the winner (by 117 points) and the Champion, amid a scene of the wildest excitement. Roberts was naturally much chagrined at his defeat, but after a little while recovered himself, as he found that his old opponent, so far from deserting him in his trouble, crowded round him all the more eagerly to offer consolation. The *prestige* of championship contests was manifested in the congregation of a large crowd round the entrances of the hall waiting for the result. Those spectators who left before the conclusion were eagerly questioned by the bystanders with the interrogations of 'How is it going' and 'Who is in now—Cook or Roberts?' Up to the very last moment the loiterers continued 'waiting for the verdict.' The mistake in the match was the late hour fixed for the commencement, which was fully two hours late. The table and the new pockets caused general disappointment, and certain of the most attractive strokes have been rendered almost impossible. Surely there can be no desire to completely nullify or insure skill, which only a few of the highest professors possess. The greatest disappointment was evinced and even expressed by the Prince of Wales that in this memorable match the well-renowned "spot stroke" of both Cook and Roberts was so nearly annihilated that these wonderful players at last almost resigned it in something like despair, and the game was at times dull and devoid of interest. Debarred of his special *forte*, however, Cook demonstrated his right to the position which he had assumed, some of his cannons being simply magnificent. Finer all-round play was never witnessed. It is plain, however, that with the newly-arranged tables sensation scores have seen their day."

AN AMATEUR BILLIARD TOURNAMENT took place in Lincoln, Nebraska, Feb. 12th. There were seven contestants, of which P. M. Atwood and Chas. Coger, having each lost only one game, were compelled to play off. The game was to commence at 8 o'clock, but long before that time the hall was crowded, so eager were they all to see who would become the "amateur" champion of Lincoln. The game was four ball, carom, 500 points up. Atwood was the favorite and his friends laid the "pile" freely upon him. The game was unusually closely contested, neither being at any time over 40 points in advance. Atwood evidently was favored (?) with one of his unlucky days, as the balls seemed to roll any way but favorably, while luck seemed to be always at Coger's cue tip. Coger finally reached 493, while Atwood was at 496, when the latter failed to count, whereupon Coger made a run of 4 and finished the game. Mr. S. E. Smith then presented him with a beautiful inlaid cue, emblematic of the championship of Lincoln. Atwood, in no way discomfited by this defeat, immediately challenged Coger to a second contest for the cue.

THE TENNESSEE BILLIARD CHAMPIONSHIP.—The game appears to be in a flourishing condition "way down south in Tennessee," as is partly proven by the appended bold challenge from Anthony Honing:—

MEMPHIS, TENN., February 10th, 1870.

Understanding that Mr. Armes is the Champion Billiard Player of Tennessee, I hereby challenge that gentleman, or any other who chooses to accept of this challenge, to play me three games, as follows:—

One game, 500 points, with the "push"
One game, 500 points, "push" barred.
One game, 100 points, French caroms, for the sum of one hundred dollars a side each game. Said game to be played at Cadmus' Billiard Parlors, or any hall suitable for the purpose in Memphis. This challenge to remain open for one month from this date.

Respectfully, ANTON HONING.

Sup't Cadmus' Billiard Parlors.

PARKER *vs.* SNYDER.—These players have suffered their match for the Illinois championship to get behindhand. This is because Parker awaits an answer from John W. Coon, of Omaha, whom something like two weeks ago he challenged to play a three ball game for $250 a side. Coon himself had, a few weeks before, challenged any one in the northwest to play him the same game. Rudolphe accepted, and so did Parker as soon as he ascertained that Coon would not play Rudolphe. Evidently there is something wrong in Omaha.

ANOTHER LARGE SCORE.—W. Cook, Jr., the newly fledged champion of England, has already eclipsed himself. On Dec. 16th, in a match with J. Bennett, he made 119 spot strokes; on Dec. 28th, with J. Roberts, Jr., he made 112; while on Feb. 25th, in a match with W. Dutton, played at the Corn Exchange at Salisbury, thirty-eight miles from London, he made 139 spot strokes. In this match he gave his opponent 200 points in a game of 1,000, yet won easily.

PIERRE CARME IN ALABAMA.—This well known French expert is delighting the defenders of the "Lost Cause" with exhibitions of how they do it with the ivory spheres. On Feb. 23d he turned up in Montgomery and played a game of 500 points with John G. Stokes, winning by 314 points. After this easily earned victory, Pierre charmed his audience with an unusual fine display of his fancy shots. This took immensely and his friends retired with new ideas of what a man can do with cue and balls.

AN IMPROMPTU BOUT AT BILLIARDS took place at Cleveland, Ohio, on the 21st ult., between C. E. Frink, of Detroit, and T. Gallagher, of that city, for $50 a side, 1,000 points up, caroms, on a carom table, which Gallagher won by 315 points. Frink's highest run was 221 and Gallagher's 113, which goes to show that they are both strong players for amateurs.

THE AMERICAN CHAMPIONSHIP.—Our San Francisco files announce the arrival in that city of Mons. Rudolphe. At last accounts he had played several practice games, but had failed to astonish the Friscoans. Our correspondent says that, as the result of Rudolphe's play so far, not a man there would lay a cent on him. The match in which Deery will oppose him is to take place at the Pavilion on the 5th inst.

MASSACHUSETTS CHAMPIONSHIP.—Frank Dennison, of Springfield, having challenged R. E. Wilmarth, of Boston, they are to play on the 8th inst., for the championship of Massachusetts and $200.

MURPHY *vs.* STURTEVANT.—The match at caroms, 1,200 points up, for $1,000, between James Murphy and Dwight Sturtevant, the latter an amateur, has again been postponed. It is now doubtful if it ever takes place.

AMATEUR TOURNAMENT IN MONTREAL.—A grand tournament of ten entries is announced for the amateur championship of Montreal. The Dion Brothers are at the head of it.

PRESENTATION TO THE CHAMPION.—John Deery was, a few days' ago, the recipient of a handsome watch and chain, worth $350, the gift of his San Francisco admirers.

BASE BALL.

EAGLE vs. QUI VIVE.

These clubs played the deciding game at Tuscaloosa, Ala., on Feb. 19th. The former is composed of ye "gallant" soldier boys, the latter of "cadets." The game was well contested on both sides, the "musketeers" finally carrying off the trophy. The score is:—

EAGLE.	H. L.	R.	QUI VIVE.	H. L.	R.
Shalkenback, c	1	7	Golson, c	3	3
Strong, p	4	4	Bange, p	2	4
Stevenson, s s	3	4	Many, s s	3	4
Shepherd, 1st b	3	3	Smith, 1st b	2	6
Souers, 2d b	2	4	Roper, 2d b	3	4
Oxlef, 3d b	5	5	Osborne, 3d b	3	5
Sipe, l f	0	8	"Richards," l f	3	2
Martin, c f	3	5	Calhoun, c f	3	4
O'Hern, r f	6	3	Mahan, r f	4	4
Total	41		Total		55

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Eagle	1	7	3	13	5	3	8	3	0—41
Qui Vive	6	2	4	11	8	3	3	2	0—55

Umpire—Geo. L. Fisher, of the Eagle Club. Scorers—Messrs. W. A. Davis and Smith. Fly-catches—Richards, 3; Mahan, 1; Smith, 1—5. Out on fouls—Eagles, 10; Qui Vive, 17. Time of game—2 hours.

BASE BALL TOURNAMENT.—There is now considerable enthusiasm among the "ball tossers" at the prospect of our having a grand tournament at the Capitoline grounds, Brooklyn. It is proposed to invite the four leading clubs, viz:—Atlantic, Athletic, Mutual and Cincinnati, to contend with one another, the victorious club to be styled "champions." This will give an excellent chance for each club to contend with the others, the six days' play giving the required opportunity, as the following will show:—

Monday	Atlantic vs. Athletic.
Tuesday	Mutual vs. Cincinnati.
Wednesday	Atlantic vs. Cincinnati.
Thursday	Mutual vs. Athletic.
Friday	Atlantic vs. Mutual.
Saturday	Athletic vs. Cincinnati.

These games would draw an immense crowd, as all of the boys know the mettle of each club. They would be closely contested and form an interesting "epoch" in the base ball calendar.

ACTIVE JR. B. B. C., OF CHICAGO.—This club, the rivals of the Occidental Club for the junior championship of the Northwest, have already selected their nine for the current season, consisting of J. Foley, M. J. Brannock, N. Lapham, C. Babcock, H. Gillespie, N. Foley, H. Deane, J. Gillespie and N. Edwards. They will open the season in a match with the celebrated Chicago club, after which they propose to make a tour throughout the Northwest and give the Occidental a sample of their metal.

CINCINNATI JR. CLUB.—This club played in seventeen games last season, winning fifteen, losing one, and one being a tie. They have scored 670 runs to 344. Average, 39 and 7 over to 20 and 4 over. John Ellard leads the score, followed by Bradford.

SKATING.

THE SPORT IN NEW YORK AND VICINITY

From the 21st to the 26th February the skating at the rinks in New York, Brooklyn and Jersey City was the best we have had this winter. The Fifth Avenue Pond only afforded facilities two or three times during the week for the skaters, and, as a general thing, the ice only could be used a few hours at a time. Ice formed very slowly at the Park ponds, notwithstanding the almost continuous cold, and it was not till the 25th that the "ball" went up for the first time—and very likely the last—for the present season. The sport only lasted a few hours, and, after a number of skaters had become wet by the breaking up of the ice, the "ball" was taken down.

Undoubtedly the ice at the Empire City Rink was the best the patrons of that resort have had since the building was erected. Although the days were moderately warm, the nights were reasonably cold. By proper management, therefore, a neat surface of ice was formed every night. To say that the beautiful ice was appreciated would be superfluous. Like an epicure who dwells with particular appetite upon a favorite article of food, the skaters rolled the ice under their feet like a sweet morsel—or, rather, rolled over its surface, which is much the same thing. On the evening of the 24th a masquerade carnival was the attraction, which was a moderate success.

At the Brooklyn Rink on Saturday evening, 26th, there was a large gathering of the members of the New York Skating Club. The occasion was a carnival, at which the New Yorkers were invited to participate. A few members of the Empire City Club were also present. The rink was crowded to repletion, and the exhibition by the experts of the New York and Brooklyn clubs was the best that has taken place this season.

Without doubt we have had the last of skating in this vicinity for this season. At the present writing (Monday, 28th) a snow storm prevails, which will probably turn to rain. The season has been the shortest since the opening of the Park ponds, which, as stated above, have only been open once. At MacMilliam's Pond there have been fifteen days, and at the Empire City Rink about eight.

CHAMPION MEDAL OF QUINCY, ILL.—A contest took place at the Quincy rink, on the 22d ult., for the "championship medal" of the city. The contestants were E. Clouse, Guy Prentiss and E. D. Young. The trial was an exciting one and terminated in a score of 69 for Clouse, 68 for Prentiss and 54 for Young. The judges were D. C. Curtiss and W. B. Bushnell. Mr. Prentiss' "spread eagle" step, followed by a hand spring, was the feature of the match. The presentation was made by Gen. J. D. Morgan, President of the Rink Association.

CALLIE CURTIS.—A telegram from the champion skater, dated Boston on the 27th, announced that he would arrive in the metropolis on the evening of the 27th. We are sorry Callie did not come a week sooner. In that case he would have been certain of finding ice. As it is now, he may have to wait some time.

SKATING IN CINCINNATI.—The skaters there away have had a gala time the past week, the Union Pond and Rink having both been open and both thronged. On Tuesday evening, Feb. 22d, a masquerade was given at the rink. On Friday, 25th, Mr. Eugene Pratt put in an appearance at the same place, bringing with him a ten year old boy, who is styled the "Infant Wonder." The weather was moderating, however, and it was probable that the 26th will wind up the skating with a very dim prospect of any more this season. It has been a flat, dull winter, for both pond and rink.

ITEMS IN BRIEF.—The skaters of Cleveland, Ohio, have formed a club under the name of the Cleveland Skating Club. The officers are as follows:—President, H. G. Cleveland; Vice President, W. S. Robison; Secretary, John C. Covert; Treasurer, Frank Collins.....A masquerade and carnival was held at the new rink in Akron, Ohio, on the 17th. There was a large number of Cleveland lady and gentlemen skaters present.....On the 16th the Forest City Base Ball Club, of Cleveland, had a benefit at the rink in that city, on which occasion there was a trial of skill for the amateur championship of the city. Frank Swirt was one of the judges. The following is the result:—Harman, 81; Murray, 73; Collins, 123; Mead, 39; Porter, 110; Shaw, 83; Marshall, 54.....At the Rochester rink the sport was poor all the week. The attraction was Master Frank Barker. On the 21st the "championship" of the city was decided by a contest between Mandeville and Cook. The result was that the former retained the "belt," scoring 35 to 33..... At the Queen City rink, Cincinnati, on the 21st, there was a grand carnival masquerade. The local papers devote columns to the subject, giving the names of all the maskers, &c.

THE PHILADELPHIA SKATING CLUB.—A meeting of the Philadelphia Skating Club and Humane Society was held on the evening of the 23d in the hall of the Washington Hose House, on Ninth street, above Filbert. The organization was made in 1849, and since that time some three hundred and fifty persons have been saved summer and winter from the dangers of drowning. There are in the neighborhood of three hundred members. The apparatus owned by the society is very complete, and consists of three life-saving cedar boats, caution flags, station flags, grapnels, hooks, axes, etc. On skating days, on the Schuylkill, each member present is obliged to carry a reel for the help of any one who may happen to fall into the river. On such days the house of the society is always open, and a physician and medical remedies are always on hand. Of late years the society has not had much labor to perform on account of the mildness of the weather, but such a useful organization should not be suffered to die away.

COCKING.

GREAT SOUTHERN STATES MAIN BETWEEN SOUTH CAROLINA AND GEORGIA AGAINST TENNESSEE AND ALABAMA.—THE FORMER VICTORIOUS.—The first of the two great mains between the above Southern States, which were announced in the CLIPPER three weeks ago, as having been arranged between Major Bacon and Mr. J. A. Bohler on the part of South Carolina, and Dr. Gee on the part of Tennessee and Alabama, came off at the Lafayette Race Course, Augusta, Ga., on the 22d and two following days. The conditions were to fight two mains of twenty-one cocks on each side in each main, at weights varying from 4lb. 8oz. to 6lbs. 2oz.; each fight to be for $100, and each main for $2,500. There was a large gathering of the leading patrons of the sport from the different cities in the South to witness the exciting contest. The first day was occupied in arranging the details and matching the birds, only one fight taking place. On the second day the fighting was resumed, the score standing even at the close, five battles having been won by South Carolina and Georgia, and five by Alabama and Tennessee. On the third day the excitement felt in the affair appeared to culminate, and the betting was tremendously heavy. The remaining eleven battles were finished, and at the close the judges announced that South Carolina and Georgia had won the main by one fight, the score standing as follows:—Carolina and Georgia eleven fights; Alabama and Tennessee ten. The second main takes place at Selma, Ala., on the 22d inst., the conditions being the same as in the present contest.

GREAT MAIN IN PROSPECT.—We learn that a grand main for the large stake of $10,000 is in progress of negotiation between the well known turf patron who was victorious in the recent cocking tournament at Jerome Park, and a millionaire fancier belonging to Albany, who is famed for his fine breed of game fowls. The severe indisposition of the latter gentleman for the past two weeks is stated to be the cause of the affair not having been brought to a final arrangement.

THE TRIGGER.

GATHERING OF TRIGGER EXPERTS.

THE PAYNE AND TINKER MATCH OFF.

On Washington's birthday, Feb. 22d, Union Course, L. I., was well populated by sportsmen of the dog and gun persuasion, in anticipation of witnessing a shooting contest, at "flying targets," between those two experts, Ira Payne, of N. Y., and E. W. Tinker, of Providence, R. I., for $1,000 and the U. S. Championship, in which, however, they were lamentably disappointed, because, although both men were on hand and all things pronounced ready, Mr. W. M. Parks, who had been mutually agreed upon as referee, declined the honor and they could not agree on a substitute. At least such is said to have been the case, although other reasons are mentioned in some circles. However, so as to keep sport alive, especially when so many "sight takers" were there, a series of sweepstakes were gotten up, at ten birds each, of which the annexed figures give sufficient particulars:—

FIRST.

Johnson	1111101—5	Ramsay	1111101111—9
Payne	0011111—6	Ryan	1101111111—9
Aldrich	100—1		

Tie between Ramsay and Ryan. Stakes divided.

SECOND.

Aldrich	1011111111101111—14	Ryan	1111011—6
Johnson	1111011111111110—15	Ramsay	1011011—5
Payne	1111101111111101—13		

THIRD.

In this there were but three entries, in which Aldrich killed all his birds (11), thus defeating Johnson and Payne, who only killed ten each, but the shooting was pronounced superb, as the birds were strong flyers.

FOURTH.

The fourth and last was between the same trio as the former, five birds each, which was won by Johnson, he killing all his birds to his opponents' four each. Thus ended the "waste of powder" for the day in regular sweepstakes, which was followed by indiscriminate shooting, not a part of the programme. When, where and whether Messrs. Payne and Tinker will re-arrange for a championship set-to remains to be seen.

THE TINKER AND PAINE MATCH FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP.—The match between Edward Tinker, of Providence, R. I., and Ira Paine, of this city, for $500 and the championship, which was made to come off on Washington's birthday, fell through, to the great disappointment of the Rhode Island division. It will be remembered that these two knights of the trigger were previously matched to shoot for $1,000 a side, and Mr. Tinker's money for forfeit ($250) was staked without any delay after seeing Mr. Paine's challenge to shoot him for the championship. Paine, however, never covered the forfeit, and at last Mr. Tinker's backer drew his money. Paine soon afterwards again challenged Tinker for $500 a side and the championship, but when Tinker accepted the defi he declined to make it for more than half the amount ($250 a side) he himself had proposed. Tinker, determined to bring him to the post, agreed, and Mr. W. H. Parks, of Brooklyn, was agreed upon as referee and to name the place of shooting. At the last moment Mr. Parks declined to act in any professional match, but Mr. Tinker was not notified of the fact until he was on the boat *en route* for New York with all his pigeons for the match. On his arrival here he found that Paine declined shooting the match on the ground that he was suffering from a severe cold, but he was willing to enter a sweepstakes along with Tinker and others. Disappointed at Paine not shooting his match, Tinker declined to shoot in the sweepstakes which came off, and a report of which we publish below. Mr. Tinker therefore thinks that Mr. Paine must resign the title he claims of "champion," which he so easily acquired, but which he is not disposed to maintain by shooting for it. At all events, he will have a fair opportunity of proving his right to the title at an early date in a grand tourney to be held on the 16th, at Providence, R. I.

GRAND SWEEPSTAKES PIGEON SHOOTING FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP.—A grand pigeon shooting tournament to decide who, among the numerous claimants, all renowned Knights of the Trigger, is rightly entitled to be regarded as the "Champion Pigeon Shot of America," has been arranged. It is to be held at Providence, R. I., on the 16th and 17th inst., and will be a sweepstakes of $50 each, to shoot at thirty-five single birds each, H. and T. traps, twenty-one yards rise and eighty yards boundary, according to the recognized rules of pigeon shooting. The winner will be entitled, in addition to the monetary prize, to a beautiful golden badge, emblematic of the championship, of the value of $150, the gift of the Sportsmen's Club of Providence. It is anticipated that many of the leading crack shots of the country will enter, among them such well-known names as John and William Taylor, Ira Paine, Henry Tinker, J. Bogardus, James Ward, D. Mount, W. Carson, Miles Johnson, Moses Myers, R. Newell, J. Mayhew, W. Aldrick and others. The management of the details of the tournament is in the hands of the club of gentlemen who contributed the badge. The fortunate individual who wins the prize will be fairly and honestly entitled to claim the American Championship of Pigeon Shooting.

PIGEON SHOOTING IN PHILADELPHIA.—A shooting match at 15 single birds each, 21 yards rise, 80 yards boundary, for $100, came off at the Old Log Cabin, Wissahickon, on Washington's birthday, between James Campbell, of Manayunk, and James Greenwood, of Wissahickon, resulting in a victory for Campbell by the following score:—

Campbell..... 0C0001011101111—7 | Greenwood ..... 0001101010011—4

EXTRAORDINARY SHOOTING.—A correspondent, writing us from Chicago on the 21st ult., says that "on the 17th Jerry Munroe, of Chicago, shot off of Jack White's head six lemons of a small size in six consecutive shots, at a distance of 21 feet, with a breech loading cane, loaded with a copper cartridge, similar to those used in the Smith & Wesson pistol. The feat was witnessed by eight men, who can vouch for the truth of it." He then asks "Where is Travers?" We might add where is William Tell? Who can tell.

A PIGEON POT took place at Yonkers, N. Y., on the 21st ult., between James and Joseph Harrison on the one side and Harry Westwood and John Perryman on the other, for $200, at five single and five double birds each. Owing to the high wind the shooting was not good. It resulted in a victory for the Harrisons, who had it all their own way from the start. In the single shooting they killed 7 to their opponents' 4, and in the double 7 to their opponents' 3. Westwood & Co., seeing they were already beaten, retired after the third fly at doubles.

AMUSEMENTS.

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Proprietor and Manager.....Mr. LESTER WALLACK.
Doors open at 7½; Commences at 8.
TO-MORROW (MONDAY) FEBRUARY 28,
WILL BE PRODUCED A NEW DRAMA IN FIVE ACTS,
ENTITLED
LOST AT SEA,
BY
MESSRS. DION BOUCICAULT AND H. J. BYRON.
Incidental music by Mr. Thomas Baker.
New scenery by Messrs. . . Isherwood, G. Evans, J. Hillyard and assistants.
New costumes by G. Flanagan and Benschotten.
New appointments by Mr. J. Timonet.
Novel mechanical effects by Mr. H. Butler, and a cast of characters including:—
Mr. J. W. Wallack, Mr. Charles Fisher, Mr. J. H. Stoddart, Mr. Owen Marlowe, Mr. Hield, Mr. Holland, Mr. Leonard, Miss Madeline Henriques, Miss Effie Germon, Mrs. John Sefton, Mrs. Laura Phillips, Miss Fowler, Miss Jennie Day and others. 48-1t

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OVERWHELMING SUCCESS
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MR. AND MRS BARNEY WILLIAMS,
IN THEIR BEAUTIFUL PICTORIAL DRAMA,
INNISFALLEN; INNISFALLEN;
INNISFALLEN; or, The Men in the Gap. INNISFALLEN;
TERENCE O'RYAN, with ballad and jig...BARNEY WILLIAMS
KATEY MAGUIRE, with jig.....Mrs. BARNEY WILLIAMS
Gerald O'Brien.....Charles R. Thorne, Jr.
Buck Doran..... J. B. Studley
Miss Delemere..... Miss Ida Vernon
Mary Dwyer..... Miss Ione Burke
Melah..... Mrs. R. France
Kathleen, with Balfe's celebrated song of Killarney,
Miss Jennie Hughes
In the course of the drama will be presented
TELBIN'S PANORAMA
of the
LAKES OF KILLARNEY.

OLYMPIC THEATRE. Begins at 8.
Lessee and Manager.....JAMES E. HAYES.
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GEO. L. FOX HAMLET GEO. L. FOX
GEO. L. FOX ENTITLED HAMLET
HAMLET COMIC GEO. L. FOX
GEO. L. FOX SENSATION HAMLET
HAMLET OF GEO. L. FOX
GEO. L. FOX THE AGE. HAMLET
HAMLET PROCLAIMED GEO. L. FOX
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THE FAT MEN SHOO FLY.
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THE LAST WEEK OF HASH.
THE LAST WEEK OF THE PANTOMIME.
THE PANTOMIME RECONSTRUCTED
WITH THE
13 TEMPTATIONS.
13 TEMPTATIONS.
13 TEMPTATIONS.
OR FISK RAISED ONE. 48-1t*

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MISS JOSEPHINE FIDDES, M. L. MESTAYER,
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FAUST "Blonde" MATINEE—Every Day at 2.
FAUST "Blonde" MATINEE—Every Day at 2.
Lisa Weber, Ada Harland, Emily Pitt, Lizzie Wilmore, Lillie Hall, Clara Fisher, Edwards Sisson and others.
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PROTEAN ACTRESS
MISS KATE FISHER.
MAZEPPA; OR, THE WILD HORSE OF TARTARY. | MISS KATE FISHER AS MAZEPPA, WILD HORSE BY WONDER.
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FRIDAY EVENING,
BENEFIT OF MISS KATE FISHER.
GRAND MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY.

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Jno. Hart, | 12 12 12 | Mlle. Augusta,
Add. Ryman, | TEMPTATIONS. | Mlle. Catania,
Chas. Howard, | ALL STARS | Mlle. Caroline,
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SINCE HIS RECENT ATTACK OF RHEUMATISM.
BRYANT'S MINSTRELS CROWDED NIGHTLY.
BRYANT'S MINSTRELS FASHIONABLE AUDIENCES.
BRYANT'S MINSTRELS Over 140th time of
BRYANT'S MINSTRELS "SHOO FLY." "SHOO FLY."
BRYANT'S MINSTRELS "SHOO FLY." "SHOO FLY."
BRYANT'S MINSTRELS DANIEL in the BRYANT'S DEN.
BRYANT'S MINSTRELS LITTLE MAC as the MONKEY.
UNSWORTH, EUGENE, DAVE REED, LITTLE MAC.
DAN BRYANT. SHOO FLY. DAN BRYANT. 48-1t*

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First time of an entirely new drama entitled
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THE SMALLEST CLOWN IN THE WORLD.
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CHAS. ARIZONA,
WHO WILL BALANCE PLOWS, CARTWHEELS, ETC., and bend a Solid Bar of Iron on his Naked Arm.
CHARLES PARKER
as ye Komikal Klown.
A GRAND BALLOON ASCENSION
BY FRANK KERNS AND NELSE SEYMOUR.
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EMMA WALLES
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In the Rev. H. H. Milman's Tragedy, in five acts, of
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THE FEARFUL FATE OF THE NANCY BELL,

And the Crew of the Captain's Gig.

AS TOLD BY THE SOLE SURVIVOR.

'Twas on the shores that round our coast
From Deal to Ramsgate spun,
That I found alone, on a piece of stone,
An elderly naval man.

His hair was weedy, his beard was long,
And weedy and long was he;
And I heard this wight on the shore recite
In a singular minor key:—

"Oh, I am a cook and a captain bold,
And the mate of the Nancy brig,
And a bo'sun tight, and a midshipmite,
And the crew of the captain's gig."

And he shook his fists and he tore his hair
Till I really felt afraid,
For I couldn't help thinking the man had been drinking,
And so I mildly said:—

"Oh, elderly man, it's little I know
Of the duties of men of the sea,
And I'll eat my hand if I understand
How you can possibly be

"At once a cook and a captain bold,
And the mate of the Nancy brig,
And a bo'sun tight, and a midshipmite,
And the crew of the captain's gig!"

Then he gave a hitch to his trowsers, which
Is a trick all seamen learn,
And, having got rid of a thumping quid,
He spun this painful yarn:—

"'Twas in the good ship Nancy Bell
That we sailed to the Indian sea,
And there on a reef we come to grief,
Which has often occurred to me.

"And pretty nigh all o' the crew was drowned,
(There was seventy-seven o' soul);
And only ten of the Nancy's men
Said 'Here' to the muster roll.

"There was me, and the cook, and the captain bold,
And the mate of the Nancy brig,
And a bo'sun tight, and a midshipmite,
And the crew of the captain's gig.

"For a month we'd neither victles nor drink,
Till a hungry we did feel;
So we drawed a lot, and, accordin' shot
The captain for our meal.

"The next lot fell to the Nancy's mate,
And a delicate dish he made;
Then our appetite with the midshipmite
We severn survivors stayed.

"And then we murdered the bo'sun tight,
And he much resembled pig;
Then we wiled a tree, did the cook and me,
On the crew of the captain's gig.

"Then only the cook and me was left,
And the delicate question: 'Which
Of us two goes to the kettle?' arose,
And we argued it out as slich.

"For I loved that cook as a brother, I did,
And the cook he worshipped me;
But we'd both be blowed if we'd either be stowed
In the other chap's hold, you see.

"'I'll be eat if you dines off me,' says Tom.
'Yes, that,' says I, 'you'll be.'
'I'm boiled if I die, my friend,' quoth I;
And 'Exactly so,' quoth he.

"Says he:—'Dear James, to murder me
Were a foolish thing to do,
For don't you see that you can't cook me,
While I can—and will—cook you!'

"So, he boils the water and takes the salt
And the pepper in portions true,
(Which he never forgot) and some chopped shalot,
And some sage and parsley too.

"'Come here,' says he, with a proper pride,
Which his smiling features tell;
'I'will acooking be if I don't you see
How extremely nice you'll smell.'

"And he stirred it round, and round, and round,
And he sniffed at the foaming froth;
When I ups with his heels, and smothers his squeals
In the scum of the boiling broth.

"And I eat that cook in a week or less,
And—as I eating be
The last of his chops, why, I almost drops,
For a vessel in sight I see.

* * * *

"And I never larf, and I never smile,
And I never lark nor play,
But I sit and croak, and a single joke
I have—which is to say:—

"Oh, I am a cook and a captain bold,
And the mate of the Nancy brig,
And a bo'sun tight, and a midshipmite,
And the crew of the captain's gig!"

LOVED FOR ANOTHER.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

At the age of twenty Alice French had married, on a short acquaintance, Joseph Stuart, a man ten years her senior. Handsome, educated, wealthy and devoted, he possessed all the qualities which would promise a happy union. Yet he had peculiarities. With all his devotion he would sometimes be cold and forbidding; and with all his steadiness he would sometimes be the passionate lover rather than the contented husband. There were certain colors which she must wear. He even had the audacity to suggest to her, as his favorite, a style of evening dress in vogue some years before; and she had the good nature to please him by adopting it—"just for you at home, my dear." One evening she found her toilet table despoiled of her choicest perfumery, and in its stead a foreign-looking bottle which, when opened, filled the room with a strange, penetrating odor. Did he open her plans she knew she could best please him by applying certain snatches of old operas, and that, too, without singing, although her voice was excellent. It, at times, she asked herself why he liked these things, she did not, as yet, permit her curiosity to lead her to suspicion.

One evening, dressed in the style which he admired, she sat at her piano to play his favorite airs. He offered to place a candle for her use. She said it was unnecessary, and in a challenging way she blew it out. Scarcely had she finished her playing when her husband, who had silently approached her, drew her towards him and covered her with kisses.

"What is the matter?" said she.

"I not know. It is that music, the odor of lilacs which enters by the window, the perfume which emanates from your toilet. The heart is sometimes delirious."

"Permit me to light the candles."

"No, let us remain so. It seems to me that darkness adds to the charm;" and he threw himself at her feet and held her hands to his lips, saying not a word.

The happiness caused by that sudden explosion of ardor was troubled by vague apprehensions. Wandering suspicions arose in her mind, which she struggled to repress before they had taken form. It seemed to her that to entertain them for one moment would be an offence on her husband's love. Yet why did his love appear more lively at some moments than at others? But was it not the same on her part? Were there not days when her husband was dearer to her, when his absence made her sadder, and his return happier? Should not the heart, like the imagination, have times of enthusiasm? If perpetual concentration of the mind on one subject produces madness, would there not be danger in a too constant love? Could not love be calm without being indifferent?

The scene of that evening was repeated twice or thrice.

"I did not know how it is," said Mrs. Stuart one morning to her servant, "but each time my washing comes home something is lost. This time it is a handkerchief which I value highly."

"I will go and find it," said the servant.

A few moments after the servant returned.

"Have you found it?" asked her mistress.

"Yes, ma'am; I looked over all your things without finding anything, but then I looked in one of Mr. Stuart's drawers, the one he has always kept locked, and there I found it in a little box in a corner, as if he had hidden it. But the odor made me find it."

"What odor?"

"Why, that strong perfumery that you always use."

She took the handkerchief, but a glance told her it was not her own. On one corner were the letters:—"G. H." Just then her husband entered.

"What is this?" said she, showing him the handkerchief.

"I should say it was a handkerchief, my dear, and that it smells very nicely."

"You have a fine sense of smell to-day," said she, irritated by his calmness.

"Do you wish a sense?" said he, in the same calm tone, at the same time putting himself into a theatrical position. "The Handkerchief—a comedy in one act—and do let it be in prose, my dear."

"Joseph, that is cruel of you. My grief is sufficiently poignant without the poison of your irony."

"Poignard and poison! Why, this is not comedy, after all, but tragedy. Pray, go on. Anger becomes you, my dear."

"How does it happen that I have found this handkerchief among your things?"

"Some one has said, 'Seek and ye shall find,' the truth of which you have proven."

"But why have you hidden it? To whom does it belong? Certainly to a woman."

"Do you think so? I should say to an angel. You do not suppose you are the only angel in the world. That would be egotism."

"Joseph, this is shameful. Your tone of light raillery is an insult to my grief."

"'Who touches the fire is burned,' they say. Why have you entered Blue Beard's room? Shall I cut off your head as a lesson? Ah, Alice!" added he, in a gentle tone, at the same time forcing her to sit on his knee; "I love those tears which are coming to wash away your Medusa looks. Put away that handsome mask, which does not become you. Let us leave off tragedy. A handkerchief is to wipe tears away, not to cause them, and a woman's mouth was not made to scold, but to smile, to kiss and to talk gently; ah, I forgot, and to eat bon-bons too," added he, taking some from his pocket.

"But I have not found out whence came the handkerchief. How does it happen to have that peculiar odor which you wish me to use? Acknowledge, now, that there is something singular about it, and that to be excited by it shows my love for you. Of whose name are those letters the initials? To whom does it belong?"

"To whom does my pipe belong?" said he, taking it from the mantel. "You see it has the same initials on it. Perhaps it belongs to an angel too. If it does, an angel has one of the prettiest pipes in the city." A ring at the door and the announcement of callers broke off the conversation at this point. Nor was it ever resumed. The wife set her love to combat her suspicion, which was but partially allayed, spite of her desire to be convinced.

"We have received cards to Mrs. Hamilton's party," said Mrs. Stuart to her husband one evening.

"Indeed!"

"It is to come off next Thursday night."

"Yes."

"I wonder what I shall wear."

"Do you intend to go?"

"Why, of course we are going, Joseph. It will be the most brilliant party of the season. I would not miss it for anything. Besides, to please you, I did not attend Mrs. Poland's."

"Well, Alice, will you not, to please me, give up Mrs. Hamilton's?"

"On one condition."

"Well."

"That you give some good reason for wishing me to stay away."

"Will you not trust me if I tell you it will be for the best?"

"No, you must tell me why."

"Well, Alice, if you are ever sorry for going do not blame me," said Mr. Stuart, in a very decided and unconciliatory tone.

Mrs. Hamilton's ball was the largest, as well as the most brilliant, of the season. Her fine parlors were filled with the fashion of the city. Mrs. Stuart was there, not without a strange feeling of unrest, a vague presentiment of impending calamity. The first part of the evening passed pleasantly enough. As she was entering the dancing room she overheard two young gentlemen conversing.

"Who is that lady waltzing with Mr. Williams?" said the first speaker.

"Why, that is Mrs. Black, about whom there was so much talk two years ago for rejecting Mr. Stuart after such a long courtship." Mrs. Stuart drew back and listened.

Her name was Grace Howard then. He seemed badly disappointed, poor fellow; but he went out west for a short time and brought back a charming bride, the exact counterpart of his first love. Yet I hardly think he loves her. He is by no means the man he used to be—goes into society but little, never entertains, and is growing cold and cynical." The music stopped and the dancers came out on their way to the refreshment room. As they passed Mrs. Stuart she saw a lady so like herself that she seemed to be looking in a mirror, robed in the colors her husband liked best, and, in passing, filling the air with that peculiar odor which she had never known before, except on her own toilet-table. Mrs. Stuart quickly sought her husband, and, with excuses to the hostess, they were soon on their way home.

No scene ensued. Had not the husband told her if she were ever sorry for going not to blame him? *Not blame him!* As if, by such words, he could undo the wrong done to her love—her love, so sincerely given and so wantonly trifled with. Must she ever live a mere effigy in her husband's eyes of one he loves? Must she always feel that his caresses are given, not to her, but through her to another? That her husband is pleased with her only because she bears a resemblance to some one dear to him, to heighten which resemblance he takes every pains? The thought was maddening. She felt that she would rather die.

Shortly after a child was born—a child that never knew a mother's love. Her father named her Grace Stuart.

VALKING UB BROADWAY.--No. 24.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.
BY OOFTY GOOFT.

Rain, I dink, looks like id anyhow. Dis vinter's been a funny von, Sharley, der funniest I efer saw. Ve aind had many awful cold shnaps. Some of der boys hafe, dough, und boody hot shnaps does. I radder dink, shnaps, dot der vinter has been boadboned on account of der vedder. Ve don'd hafe no more dings, vinters or anyding else, like ve use to. No, sir, eferyding is differend. Dere vas a dime ven efery ding und efery von vas sadisfied to been as dey shood be—now, dough, id's all shanged. Of your hair is plack id voond do und you must shange id—of id's ligbd you make id dark, und now, be Jeemmy fields, olt dame Nadure, she is handing on sbrings doo. Vell, dere is von consurlashon, she aind der firsd in der pisness; dere is a grade many vomen now a days old enuff to been her mudder. Lucy Shdones und Misdress Jinks for instance, dot hafe sed der egsamble. Id's nadural, Sharley, for any von do dry und bedder demselfs, but ven oil vinter comes oud doors, cofered mit bersbiration, den, I dink, he's budding on airs.

Der good lookin, nobby young feller, mit dot astrachan cab on his head, is Billy Harrison, der dreasurer of der Amusement Gombany und der lessees of Tammany. Billy is der youngesd dreasurer in der pisness, und, aldough he looks quide youdful, he has god a olt head on his shoulders. He has drafeled all ofer dis coundry und Eurobe, und he knows so much bound der show pisness as any of dem. He has any plasses in view I vod say, for dere is a feller shmard und sharb id's der pisness dot our friend Billy is in, of he is sharb und shmard before he goes in id; of he aind he mighd bedder gid oud so quick as he can. Billy is a nice leedle feller und he aind no slouch. Of dere is any pisness in der vorld dot's calculated to made a man "groudy" id's dakin money drough a hole from a dousand differend bersons und hafe bound eighd hunderd of dem fird faut cause dey don'd all gid "send No. 25" der frond row. Und anodder ding you must bear on mind, bound dree hunderd of uer eighd is drying to shduck you mit bad shdamps.

Look ad dis feller comin along here, shwingin himself as of he vas made oud of shdeel or casd iron. Dis is valder Brown, der oarsman, der feller dot vent ofer by England und come pack "boss." Valter is a boad puller of der first vater, und ven id comes to fine vork dere aind many of dem dot can gid away mid him. He has peen pefore der buplic a long vile now, und vorked hard to got along, und dot, of noding else, he is endidled to braise on account of. He don'd drink, shmoke, or shew derbacker, keebs himself in goot condishin all der vile, und looks always as of he jusd come oud of a bandbox. He can shwing clubs fery nicely und he is going to done "shadues" der same like Mace. Valder has god a goot many friends in dis shmall fi lage, und of he successes in makin a madch mit Goulder dey vill all go und look ad him in der race. Of dey do row, "may der best many vin," asdey say in England ven dey don'd mean id.

Look oud, here comes Liddle Mac, und he's der funniest leedle roosder vat dere is in der coundry. He is blayin ad Bryand's, und he is immensile. On der shdage he is der funniest leedle rooster you ever saw, und he is all der dime kickin ub und garrying on. He vas in bardnership mid Barney, Wild und Dougherty, und dey had von of der best bands dot efer vas on der road. In his "Essence" he is fery funny, und is always sure of dwo or dree *encores*. In his elefand acd he is immense, und id is vortd a shdamp to saw him do dot alone. He is a gread card here und has hosds of friends und admirers. In Howdon he vas a immense favoride, und could fill a house full. Dey say in der "Red rifer" act he is goot doo, bud I nefer saw him in dot, so I cand oxbress myself on id. Efery ding he does he does vell und is sure to blease der audiences. Dan Bryand's blace is growded efery nighd, und I'm glad for id. I like him boody vell und I'm glad ven he's madin money. Yes, dot's leedle Mac, 32 years oit.

Dis large, fine lookin gendleman valking lazurely long mit dot grooked shdick in his had, is Major Wm. Foote, Jr., a olt showman, und he use to vas a adfance agend. He has peen on der road for a long vile, und he knows eferyding dere is vanted to be known boud der show pisness. I meed him efery vonce on a vile, und ve hafe a leedle soda und a quied chad togedder. Billy don'd say a gread deal, Sharley, but dere is a heab in dot head of his, you bed. He is a gread shudyer of human nadure und admires beople dot vears shbeckdackles. I med him ub ad der Tammany der nighd Heenan and Mace shbarred, und he vas mit a bair of shbeckdacles dot nighd. Wil lam is a member of der E.ks, und he vas on der reception commitdee der nighd of der ball. He vas fery bissy und vas all der dime looking oud und addending to his dudies like a man und a Elk. I vish dere vas more men like him in dis coundry. Of dere vas id vood be a bedder blace an id is.

Dese dwo gendlemen you see shdanding on der gorner are dwo singisds. Dot von mit der leedle fur cab is Misder Brandisi, und der oder von is Mister Russell, of Bryandt's Minsdrels. Der are bold No. 1 A, und dey know how to sing. Brandisi's foice is a denor und he sings shblendid. He has had a sore droad for some dime back, und, as a madder of course, dot affects his singin somevatly, bud he sings magnifidendly on shpide of id. Russell is a barreldone, und he can sing so fine like I efer heerd any von. Der nighd Von Druck feller's gifed me dis shain und locket, ofer in Jersey Ddy, dey, mit Rockafeller und Greer, vas dere, und of dey didn'd sing den I vind dalk. Russell singed dot song, "Der Hard Bowed Down mit Veighd of Voe," bedder as I efer heerd id sung on my life pefore. Dere aind anyding in der vorld, Sharley, any bedder as nice singing, und I don'd know, may be, I'm wrong, bud I don'd dink I efer heerd anyding nicer on my ecksisdence dan "Come Vear My Loaf Lies Dreaming," der vay dem four fellers sung id der oder nighd in Jersey. "You know how id is is!"

Dis is Harry Hill, Sharley, dis gendleman mit dot grade big ledder "G" in his shird bosom. Dis is Harry, und, aldough I hafe knowed him a long dime, he looks der same like he use to always look. I don'd saw any shange by him. Harry is a good feller, und he is von of der best wresdlers dot der vorld efer saw. Der lasd dime I saw him wrestle vas ub near der Grand Bars, der day he wressled mit Uzzie Brickid. Dey dook side holts, I dink, und collar und eyebrow. Dere vas a goot many dere dot day, und some of der boys vas awful excided. Harry is god a blace in Housdon shdreed, near Broadway, und he has made a good deal of money. I meed him oud on der road efery afdernoon I am oud, und he always generally shdops at Gus Sibbern's. By der vay, Sharley, Gus is goin away from vere he is, und he is goin to god anoder blace. I believe der blace is doo shmall. Vereber he goes his friends vill foller him. Jusd der same mit Harry, doo; he is vell liked by efery von dot knows him.

NEW ORLEANS ON SUNDAY.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.
BY GEORGE LASCELLES, COMEDIAN.

To the American who has never been in Paris, New Orleans presents such a strange contrast to any other on the western continent on Sunday that a slight description may not be out of place. It is ten o'clock in the morning, the stores are all open and in full blast, the markets crowded with people buying provisions. In the open space round the market houses crowds of itinerant peddlers shout their wares in French, and such Spanish as is a perfect Babel of tongues. Quack doctors abound, and their talk is really amusing. Likenesses are taken in the open air, and lotteries for toys, by means of whirling wheels, are taking place every minute. But let us glance at Canal street, the Broadway of New Orleans. Here vehicles of every kind abound; this is the great resort of the *demi-monde* on Sunday. Here they may be seen lolling in splendid carriages or riding on fine horses and mules. Dear me! I am getting into the strain of the darkey to sing. Brandisi's voice is a denor und he sings shblendid. He has had a sore droad for some dime back, und, as a madder of course, dot affects his singin somevatly, bud he sings magnifidendly on shpide of id. Russell is a barreldone, und he can sing so fine like I efer heerd any von. Der nighd Von Druck feller's gifed me dis shain und locket, ofer in Jersey Ddy, dey, mit Rockafeller und Greer, vas dere, und of dey didn'd sing den I vind dalk. Russell singed dot song, "Der Hard Bowed Down mit Veighd of Voe," bedder as I efer heerd id sung on my life pefore. Dere aind anyding in der vorld, Sharley, any bedder as nice singing, und I don'd know, may be, I'm wrong, bud I don'd dink I efer heerd anyding nicer on my ecksisdence dan "Come Vear My Loaf Lies Dreaming," der vay dem four fellers sung id der oder nighd in Jersey. "You know how id is is!"

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WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.
BY GEORGE LASCELLES, COMEDIAN.

To the American who has never been in Paris, New Orleans presents such a strange contrast to any other on the western continent on Sunday that a slight description may not be out of place. It is ten o'clock in the morning, the stores are all open and in full blast, the markets crowded with people buying provisions. In the open space round the market houses crowds of itinerant peddlers shout their wares in French, and such Spanish as is a perfect Babel of tongues. Quack doctors abound, and their talk is really amusing. Likenesses are taken in the open air, and lotteries for toys, by means of whirling wheels, are taking place every minute. But let us glance at Canal street, the Broadway of New Orleans. Here vehicles of every kind abound; this is the great resort of the *demi-monde* on Sunday. Here they may be seen lolling in splendid carriages or riding on fine horses and mules. Dear me! I am getting into the strain of the darkey to sing. Brandisi's voice is a denor und he sings shblendid. He has had a sore droad for some dime back, und, as a madder of course, dot affects his singin somevatly, bud he sings magnifidendly on shpide of id. Russell is a barreldone, und he can sing so fine like I efer heerd any von. Der nighd Von Druck feller's gifed me dis shain und locket, ofer in Jersey Ddy, dey, mit Rockafeller und Greer, vas dere, und of dey didn'd sing den I vind dalk. Russell singed dot song, "Der Hard Bowed Down mit Veighd of Voe," bedder as I efer heerd id sung on my life pefore. Dere aind anyding in der vorld, Sharley, any bedder as nice singing, und I don'd know, may be, I'm wrong, bud I don'd dink I efer heerd anyding nicer on my ecksisdence dan "Come Vear My Loaf Lies Dreaming," der vay dem four fellers sung id der oder nighd in Jersey. "You know how id is is!"

Dis is Harry Hill, Sharley, dis gendleman mit dot grade big ledder "G" in his shird bosom. Dis is Harry, und, aldough I hafe knowed him a long dime, he looks der same like he use to always look. I don'd saw any shange by him. Harry is a good feller, und he is von of der best wresdlers dot der vorld efer saw. Der lasd dime I saw him wrestle vas ub near der Grand Bars, der day he wressled mit Uzzie Brickid. Dey dook side holts, I dink, und collar und eyebrow. Dere vas a goot many dere dot day, und some of der boys vas awful excided. Harry is god a blace in Housdon shdreed, near Broadway, und he has made a good deal of money. I meed him oud on der road efery afdernoon I am oud, und he always generally shdops at Gus Sibbern's. By der vay, Sharley, Gus is goin away from vere he is, und he is goin to god anoder blace. I believe der blace is doo shmall. Vereber he goes his friends vill foller him. Jusd der same mit Harry, doo; he is vell liked by efery von dot knows him.

LAST RUN OF THE OLD BOYS.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.
BY ON THE SQUARE.

Upon a gloomy alley way
His pensive gaze is cast,
His brain, beneath its thick of grey,
Is busy with the past.
Recalled are all the years between
The present and the night
When he and partner, Jakey Green,
Fled hither from a fight.

Again he seems to hear the roar
Where rival firemen raced—
Is in the storm of blows once more,
Is out again in haste.
"Ah!" sighs the aged vamp, "'twas rough,
The way we had to git,
For me and Jake was roosters tough—
No gamer never fit.

"Because we left, is that to say
Der bullies made us sick?
Hey, what? they never knowed the day
One side of us to lick;
If them alone we'd had to see
We'd never turned a heel—
They did put heads on Jake and me,
But did they make us squeal?

"They hollered 'Watch!' to bust der row,
Says Jake, 'The word is, run;
Go back and get in Lajin now.
Take care of number one!'
A hundred clubs was rapped for us,
We dug up here and hid;
That's how we come to shake der mass"—
A pause to change his quid.

"The alley's taken by the Dutch,
They haven't changed its name,
But other things is altered much,
The crowd is not the same;
And I miss them old time leatherheads,
What used to howl 'All's well!'
Or root our fellers from their beds
With fire alarming yell.

"And just around the corner then
Our painted wagon laid;
Red-shirted bunkers all our men,
And narry one was paid.
But now the fire alarm may spread
And bring them engines do,
There is no shout to start the dead—
No races—no wash—no fight!

"And Jake, what used to make his brags
'Bout how he held der butt,
Or Forty's goose-neck stuffed with rags,
Or hose of Thirty cut;
The red not fixes he'd been in,
At risk of life or limb;
That he could polish gin—
They've got away with him!

"A rounder stands (about my size)
By selling overcome,
A sort of mist before his eyes—
He hasn't any chum;
For, not to put too fine an edge,
Jake's got me in the lurch—
He's got religin, signed the pledge,
And gone and joined the church!

"Well, never volunteer so brave
From duty could retire—
Hard cases, now, he works to save
From prosecuting fire.
A sirner's got no show to doze,
When through his horn he sings—
The red not fixed from that nose,
He's ready now for wings!

"I wonder if he would once more
Go on a jamboree,
A reg'lar up and down hoorore?
Hey, Jakey, dance to me!
One turn, and then I'd change my plan;
As he has done, I'd do;
Become a good old temp'rance man,
And git religin too."

Ha! whence that dream-dispelling shout?
That form—that face? 'tis Jake!
With huge right hand held stiffly out,
He loudly thunders, "Shake!"
With eyes ablaze and voices loud,
Of fear, of noise bereft,
They strike a long, a deep line, and the crowd
They elbow right and left.

Was this unseemly rush for rum?
Did they on benzer go?
A friendly word in answer, Mum!
Contented be to know,
They pull together, Jim and Jake,
As when one rope they manned;
And, water not afraid to take,
Now run a praying band!

THE CREMATION GHAT AT CALCUTTA.

Burning and Exposure of Bodies.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

One of the most sickening sights I ever witnessed in my travels was at Calcutta, the third day after my arrival in that capital. Myself and the first mate of our ship strolled out one morning to make an excursion outside of the town. Following the banks of the Hooghly we found all the population of the town already on foot. Activity reigned in every direction; the tradesmen were at their shops, the workmen at their employment. Even the classes who do not live by the sweat of their brows were up and taking the air—some on horseback, some in carriages, but all alike bent on enjoying early morning breeze. Outside of the town the same animation prevailed. The road was crowded with comers and goers, so much so that it was almost difficult to make one's way. We followed the course of the river for about a mile and a half, when a strange smell came to affect our olfactory organs in a most unpleasant manner; a thick cloud of smoke arose from behind a high wall, poisoning the air around. And what was more singular was that a number of birds of prey were perched along the top of the wall. These were vultures, with naked, fleshy necks; falcons, of various colors and sizes, looking fat and dirty as they generally are after a feast. The bird known as the Indian vulture is, I believe, the only kind of vulture, preying on flesh, that frequents the shambles and banks of rivers in India. None of the birds appeared to trouble themselves with the passers-by; but some stunnoced while others, disturbed in their vermin, thrust their bills through their feathers. To ascertain the cause of so much smoke ascending over the wall, we were curious enough to go round and, if possible, ascertain for ourselves—which we did without difficulty. It was here where the natives burn their dead, or rather broil them, for no sooner is the body slightly blackened by the flames than it is removed from the fire and taken away to be cast into the sacred waters of the Hooghly. The birds along the shore await this moment to do their work, so that the relatives of the deceased can actually stand by and see with what limbs these ravenous birds begin to disembarrass the dead of their carnal envelope. The struggle had already begun with a body that lay exposed on the shore, and wishing to witness so strange a spectacle, we moved towards it, passing over a heap of bones, scattered here and there, and we thus came within a few paces of where the anatomical operation was going on; I had a great desire to see which of these birds was the more skilful in dissecting dead bodies. I gave the preference to a stork, having a long appendage to his beak which, in many respects resembles the European species, but it is stronger and taller, being four feet in height. Its bill alone is about a foot in length, is as hard as stone, and consequently well adapted for tearing up its booty; it don't give itself much trouble in the matter, for it can swallow a cat or a small dog in a single mouthful. The substances taken up by this enormous bill are allowed to fall in the pouch in front, and it is only after undergoing a preliminary process of softening there that it is finally swallowed and disposed of in the interior stomach.

Thanks to these peculiarities, the bird becomes thus a member, as it were, of the privileged castes, for it can walk proudly in the streets, in the midst even of crowds, without any one disturbing it; there is, indeed, a fine of fifty rupees against any one who should do them an injury; to kill one would be a crime.

The inhabitants of Calcutta and other parts where these birds are cannot indeed be too grateful to them; it is they who pick up, in the midst of refuse, the remains of animals, birds and fish, and but for their presence, considering the idleness and indifference of the inhabitants, they would run the risk of encumbering the streets and fatally poisoning the atmosphere. These two legged scavengers are of their importance and utility, for the governer's bungalo appeared to be their favorite residence. These funeral and irreverent birds were from five to six thousand in number.

Hearing a crackling noise, I turned round, and saw that a body had just been placed upon the fire behind me. Two others were already exposed to the flames, and the fire was kept up by two natives as black as ebony; around, and lying on bundles of straw, and even on the naked ground, were other bodies awaiting their turn; they were completely nude, although it is only the middle classes who have the bodies of their relatives burnt; the poorer order are satisfied with throwing them into the river. It must not be imagined that this cremation has any relation to the ceremony formerly practised in Rome on similar occasions. With the ancients it was a pious custom; children, brothers, relatives, friends, servants, in fact all those who were attached to the deceased by ties of relationship or affection, gathered round the body, mourning and in tears; the ashes were carefully collected and deposited in an urn. But in India no one seems to trouble himself with the dead save those who are employed in the act of cremation itself; for, by what we could understand from the natives, it is seldom that a relative of the deceased is seen there. Besides, no part of India that I have been in (and I have been in most parts) are bodies respected; they seek to get rid of them as quickly as possible; they are, indeed, sometimes in so great a hurry that they are often deposited on the banks of the river before they are quite dead. If, as it sometimes happens, persons so disposed of come to life again, they cannot return within the precincts of the city; they are obliged to emigrate to a distant district situated on the borders of the Ganges, where there are whole villages of resuscitated beings. The Hindoos despise and avoid places thus peopled. Formerly bodies could be burnt anywhere on the banks of the Hooghly, but now the authorities have limited the accomplishment of the ceremony to one special point. It was only when we had left this sad scene, and had gone into pure air, that we became sensible of the poisonous exhalations with which even our clothes had become impregnated. After quitting that part of the city inhabited by the white population, we came across a bare and dismal looking quadrangle, open at the river side, upon the high walls of which, overlooking the ground close by, where a native hide merchant carried on his delicate operations in connection with the defunct quadrupeds of Calcutta, were perched some fifty or more hungry and expectant vultures; whilst amongst them, or beneath, stalking amidst bones and rubbish, and occasionally scared from their object by a pack of equally hungry and disgusting looking parish dogs, disputants for the prize, were seen a score or so of the adjutants or gigantic crane. This building was called the "Burning Ghat," a spot inclosed and appropriated by the Hindoos for the purpose of burning their dead—that is, all who can afford it, but unfortunately not half of them are able to avail themselves of it. Those who cannot afford to burn their dead take them down to the river's bank (where many are taken before they are really dead), where they are left until carried away by that river's sacred tide—that river from which Calcutta is, in a great measure, supplied with drinking water. It was during my stay in Calcutta that one of the local papers suggested the establishment of a subscription fund, in order to put it in the power of the poor, as well as of the rich Hindoos, to dispose of their dead after that manner which, with very trifling exceptions, is not less acceptable to Hindoo prejudices and desires than advantageous in a sanitary point of view; but, unfortunately, although it was shown that the expense could be brought within two rupees for each cremation, nothing came of it. Instead of there being a cremation fund, therefore, the police, or peon, as they are termed, had to keep certain boats and men belonging to them, called domes, whose office it was to remove by sinking all offensive objects found floating on the river, which they did often, only after the spectacle had passed through a whole fleet and found at length a resting place against the chain of some ship, or the paddle of a steamer, more luckless than the rest. So the eye was relieved at last at the expense of the stomach! For who could doubt that the evil thus cherished and confined to one spot must become a loathsome source of impurity to the water about it? The burning of the dead is one of the first ceremonies performed by the Hindoos for the help of the dead in a future state, but there are certain persons and sects who constitute exceptions to this rule. These are:—1. Still-born children, or infants under two years of age; 2. Persons afflicted with leprosy, or other specified diseases; 3. Suicides; 4. Persons who, under certain circumstances, are killed by violence—the bite of snakes, &c.; 5. Persons guilty of certain civil or religious crimes; 6. Persons who die followers of sects of mendicants, voluntaries; 7. Persons who die ascetics or Pumembunjohees; 8. Jogees, a low cast of Hindoo weavers. The bodies of infants, of the mendicants and the Jogees are buried. Inability to purchase the wood, oil and other requirements for the ceremony of burning, compels the relatives to be content with applying a little fire to the mouth of the deceased, and then committing the body to the river.

HARLEM SOME TIME AGO.

On the Road.—No. 3.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

THE RED HOUSE—CONTINUED.

Another class was always represented at the Red House, and the description of one or two marked members will suffice to give a good idea of the fraternity. Sam Segue was a well known horse dealer of the time; his residence, if we rightly remember, was at Albany, but New York was the usual field in which he practised his equine blandishments. The stock he dealt in was, as a general rule, first class, and in most instances he confined his attention to carriage teams for family use; style, not speed, was his forte. Sam was a rubicund man, with a cultivated, bland expression of the eye, and so far as the public knew, a model of amiability; his anxiety seemed to be in what proportion he should divide his excessive love between his horse and his customer. The *pictures* he had to dispose of were his special care, groomed to a nicety, and each particular hair of mane and tail so disposed as to do its whole duty. He carefully studied all the appointments of his turnout, and in trim neatness of detail was far ahead of all his competitors in the market. Broadway, in the morning, and the road in the afternoon, were his parade grounds, where, with a single eye to business, he carefully nodded to some passing acquaintance, while his whole soul was absorbed in bringing out the telling points of the "*star gazers*" he was then guiding with a master hand. Ever on the alert to check in a moment any impropriety untutored beasts might attempt, and at the same time assume an easy, confident manner, which would convince all lookers on of the perfect training and docility of his team. *Well ridden, well prepared, well checked up*, they were, indeed, no slouches—but to use one of his own favorite expressions, "they were no mud turtles, but fixed their gaze on the attic windows as they trotted by." Sam was a sharp dealer in a trade and had the credit of seldom being over-reached. As a talker, he was awarded the first premium at Tattersall's, then the noted horse mart of the city, and prominently located on Broadway, between Howard and Grand streets. Whether he is still chaunting equine praises, or has abandoned the field of his usefulness, the writer is ignorant; certain it is, that for long years, we have missed his genial face in our midst, and no man has met our eye who in the faintest degree resembles Sam Segue, the king of jockeys. Rowan was a character and contemporary with Segue. Though engaged in the same delectable calling, these men were perfect antipodes of each other; Rowan was called *Mr.* Rowan—if he had a christian name it was never mentioned outside the sacred precincts of his domestic circle, for there was a something in his appearance which acted as a bar against the slightest approach to familiarity. In dress and manner he assumed the clerical style; a suit of sombre black, generally well glazed with wear, constituted his attire, while he invariably donned a white cravat to make the illusion perfect. His manner was in perfect keeping with his apparel, cold, smileless; usually reticent, he relied upon the effect of his peculiar get-up to laud his honesty. Could such a saintly being conceal a blemish or hide a fault from a friend who trusted in him? Irresponsible stable boys, doubtless actuated by malice, have ventured to assert that this pattern man did employ his tongue for the use of other words than prayers, and would furiously belabor some wretched animal which had unwittingly winced or wheezed, and by such unseemly conduct had broken up a trade. We never saw him maltreat a horse or heard him utter an oath, during the years when we met, but must bear testimony to his industry, which was unbounded. Six days of the week were devoted to the buying, selling and curing of cripples of every grade, and the seventh, arrayed in a fresh, white cravat, and a mere presentable suit of sables, he dedicated to exhorting sinners to repentance, in a Methodist church, of which he was a prominent pillar and shining light. With such an example on record who will dare assert that passionate love of the horse is incompatible with the exercise of high moral qualities in man. Many, doubtless, who still inhabit Gotham, could readily recall the man we have described. These will bear witness that if Rowan was tricky, he never betrayed any outward evidence of success; that the pocket in which he carried money, if he ever possessed any filthy lucre, was always under lock and key. His charities must have been unostentatious, if charity was one of the attributes of his humanity. *Character*, he existed long among us, and whether his deds were good or evil, it matters little to us; he has passed to his account. The above specimens will suffice as the extremes of a class far less numerous then than at present. The trade has changed with the increased demand. Railroads and omnibus horses consume vast numbers of a grade of horses which were then rarely dealt in, and the men now prominent at Bull's Head should more properly be styled contractors, for their wholesale traffic has divested them of the peculiarities of the old-time jockey, whose sympathies were engrossed in one quadruped, or, at most, in a pair, and on it, or them, he lavished the concentrated enthusiasm of his calling.

Passing to another and very different circle of visitors who frequented the Red House, we recall a man who, for the quarter of a century, stood prominent and alone in his adopted vocation—William T. Porter, the founder and editor of *The Spirit of the Times*, a journal which was for years the acknowledged organ of the sports of turf and field. The "Tall Son of York," as he was familiarly styled by his friends, combined in his person all the requisite qualities to ensure success. His presence was commanding. Of an extraordinary height, accompanied by perfect proportion of limbs, to which was added a finely formed head, with a countenance which gave unmistakable assurance of intellect, culture and refinement of the highest order, endowed by nature with warm and tender sympathies, he drew around him by his peculiar magnetism the most talented writers of the day, among whom the late William Henry Herbert figured conspicuously, and whose works on the horse are still standard text books of the breeders of America. Manly, invigorating sport was the topic of the *Spirit*, and pervaded Porter's sanctum in Barclay street. Blooded stock was his darling hobby, and woe betide the luckless wight who could not produce a well authenticated pedigree for his colt or filly by untiring industry and close application, Porter's mind became also a cyclopedia of equine lore, and he made himself the umpire on all disputed points, while his memory was the wonder of the turfmen of the country—north, south, east and west. Every true sportsman became his ally and contributed to the

TWICE MARRIED.—On the afternoon of the 21st ult., Louisa Taylor, *alias* Simmons, *alias* Main, was arrested on an alleged charge of bigamy. A little over two years ago the girl, who is only 18 years of age, and from a very respectable family residing on Union Hill, N. J., fell in love with Peter Wordon, of Hudson City, but who traveled under the assumed name of Simmons. Shortly after the introduction they were married, and after living together fourteen days they separated. About two months ago the girl fell in with a very respectable young man named George Taylor, of West New York, a member of the fire department of that village, and they were married, the whole department turning out to give them a serenade. A few days ago, the facts having become known that she had committed bigamy, a warrant was issued for her arrest, and she was arrested yesterday. At the time of the arrest she drew a knife and attempted to commit suicide. Justice Loder, of Hudson City, committed her to the county jail in default of $1,000 bail.

INDIANA DIVORCE LAWS SUSTAINED.—Justice Swayne delivered an opinion in the United States Supreme Court, Washington, D. C., on Feb. 21st, in an action brought to enforce the provisions of a decree of divorce granted in Indiana, in which he ruled that the decree was valid, the court having had jurisdiction of the parties by the appearance of the husband in the action without raising the question there. The decree, for that reason, is conclusive upon the parties to the suit, as it is valid by the laws of Indiana, and as it has never been questioned there under the Constitution of the United States, it must prevail in every other portion of the country. The court also asserts that, so far from being bound by the domicil of her husband, a married woman may acquire a residence independent of her husband whenever such a residence is necessary to the protection of her rights by legislation.

OUR GAME BAG.

Golden Gleanings—Merry Thoughts—Wise Proverbs—Fun and Sentiment.

ANSWER OF GIRL OF THE PERIOD.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

BY WM. A. BRUCE.

Oh! you say you are lonely without me,
That you sigh for one glance of my eye;
You're blarneying always about me—
Oh! why don't you to papa apply?
You men are so very deceiving,
I can't believe aught that you say;
Your love I will only believe in
When my jointure is made out "*as fait.*"

This trash about eyes, voice and glances,
May do for a miss in her teens;
But he who he makes advances
Must talk of his *bank stock and means.*
You beg me to go galivanting,
To meet you at fair or the lane—
With a kiss too!—why, man, you're ranting;
Do you think that I am wholly insane?

When you woo a young lady of sense, sir,
Don't whine about sorrow and tears;
It's a matter of *dollars and cents,* sir;
No tale of romance interests.
Oh! poverty is not at all funny,
(*My style* I will never conceal),
If I can't get a husband with money,
Oh! I'll live and die *Nora O'Neal!*

CONUNDRUMS.

WHAT is most likely to become a woman? A little girl.

WHEN is a boat like a pile of snow? When it is a drift.

WHEN are gloves unsaleable? When they are kept on hand.

WHEN is a butterfly like a kiss? When it alights on tulips.

WHAT ship is always laden with knowledge? Scholarship.

WHY is a tale bearer like a bricklayer? Because he raises stories.

WHAT medicine does a man take when he has a cross wife? Elixir.

WHY would Sampson have made an excellent actor? Because he could so easily bring down the house.

"WHY are women like churches?" Firstly, because there is no living without one; secondly, because there is many a spire to them; thirdly, because they are objects of adoration; and lastly, but by no means the least, because they have a loud clapper in their upper story.

BREVITIES.

THE REAL COMMERCIAL DOCKS:—Discounts.

SURE way to stop a woman's mouth:—Kiss it.

TROUBLES are like babies; they grow bigger by nursing.

CONSCIENCE is a judge placed in the interior of our being.

YOUNG ladies are generally honest—but they will hook dresses.

SINCE love never kills, may it not be called the disease of the liver?

LEARN to control your temper now, children, or by and by it will control you.

THE head of a pure old man, like a mountain top, whitens as it gets nearer to heaven.

EDUCATION pays an annual income for life, without expense for insurance, repairs or taxes.

"HOW do you mix your colors?" said a connoisseur to a great artist. "With brains, sir," was the reply.

I WOULD rather my daughter should have a man without money, than money without a man.—*Themistocles.*

GOING to law is a mighty cold business, for the very best you can hope for is just-*ice*, and often you can't even get that.

COMMONLY, physicians, like beer, are best when they are old; and lawyers, like bread, when they are young and new.

A WIT once asked a peasant what part he performed in the great drama of life. "I mind my own business," was the reply.

"Is that clock right over there?" asked a visitor the other day. "Right over there," said the boy; "taint nowhere else."

"I go through my work," as the needle said to the idle boy. "But not till you are hard pushed," said the idle boy to the needle.

As continued health is vastly preferable to the happiest recovery from sickness, so is innocence superior to the truest repentance.

A CONSCRIPT, being told that it was sweet to die for his country, excused himself on the ground that he never did like sweet things.

A RECENT French writer says that man changes his love as often as he changes his opinions. He is constant only in his egotism.

A TRAVELER who was detained an hour by some mischance shortened his stay by "making a 'minute' of it." There's philosophy for you.

SOMETIMES, when young men go upon the stage, they soon become disgusted with the parts assigned them and leave, but the majority *stick.*

"Do you think that raw oysters are healthy?" asked a lady of her physician. "Yes," he replied, "I never knew one to complain of being out of health in my life."

MERRY MOMENTS.

A SCHOOLMASTER asked one of his scholars, in the winter time, what was the Latin for cold. "Oh," answered the lad, "I forget at this moment, although I have it at my finger ends."

A SETTING SPEECH.—A lady wished a seat. A portly, handsome gentleman brought one and seated the lady. "Oh! you're a jewel," said she. "Oh! no," he replied, "I'm a jeweler; I have just set the jewel."

A LACK OF CHARITY.—The other Sunday an enthusiastic preacher concluded a long-winded sermon with these words:—"Will you come to Jesus? if you do not the devil will have you. That this may be your portion is my most earnest prayer."

"A LECTORIN" WOMAN.—A lady in Leavenworth, Kansas, has written to a town in Missouri that she is "lectorin on the influence and duties of woman," and would like to "lector for the benefit of the church or Sabbath school, every individual in that town for $50, or for one-half, at fifty cents a ticket." She asks her correspondent to "pleas rite and let her no what she can do an bout it."

FORGETTING NOT FORGOTTEN.—Saxe, the joker and poet, was once taking a trip on a steamer, when he fell in with a lively young lady to whom he made himself very agreeable. Of course, he made an impression upon the damsel, who said, at parting, "Good-bye, Mr. Saxe; I fear you'll soon be forgetting me." "Ah, miss," said the inveterate punster, "if I was not a married man already, you may be sure I'd be for getting you."

WHY IT SHOULD BE CELEBRATED.—The day before Washington's birthday a lady teacher, in giving notice of the coming holiday to her pupils, said something about the good Washington, and then asked the question:—"Why should we celebrate Washington's birthday more than *mine?*" "Because he never told a lie!" shouted a little boy. This was rather hard on the teacher, but the boy did not see it.

LIVER AND LIGHTS.

Two friends were riding by a house
Fast tumbling to decay,
Whose open doors and broken panes
Revealed no face of clay.
Said one, "the liver has gone out;
I judge from all these sighs."
"Aye," cried the other, merrily,
"The Liver and the Lights!"

A MAN WITH A FAIRISH APPETITE.—A certain judge, famous for his love of good living, said to a friend one day:—"We have just been dining off a superb turkey. It was excellent: Stuffed with truffles up to the throat—tender, delicate—filled with perfume! We left nothing but the bones." "How many of you were there?" asked the friend. "Two," replied the judge. "Two!" echoed the other in astonishment. "Yes, two," said the judge, "the turkey and myself."

UP TRAIN AND DOWN TRAIN.—"What do you mean by an 'up train?'" inquired a rural passenger. "A train whose engine explodes and blows up the whole concern, of course," replied the conductor. "Then what do you mean by a 'down train?'" inquired verdant. "What else could it be but a train whose engine gets off the track and plunges down the bank or into the river, with the carriages after it?" "To which of the two does this 'ere belong?" "We can answer no such question in advance."

CROSS READING.—Here is a queer old rhyme, which is quite contrary in sense as you read it across or running the lines together:—

I always did intend	To take to me a wife
Single my life to spend,	Would grieve my very life,
It much delighteth me	To think upon a bride,
To live from woman free,	I can't be satisfied.
A female to my mind	The joy I can't express
I ne'er expect to find,	So great in singleness.
A bachelor to live	I never could agree
My mind I freely give,	A married man to be.

HIGH TIDE.—"O p'shaw!" said one of our cleverest police justices the other day to a man who didn't know whether it was 'to-morrow mornin' or yesterday mornin;' "oh, p'shaw—here you are *again!*—the third time in less than ten days! I see how it is, you have swallowed your humanity, and drunk yourself into a beast. You are like a spring tide; when you are drunk to your high-water mark, you swell and look big, run against the stream and overbow everything standing in your way; but when the drink within you ebbs, you shrink so low that cattle may pass over you."

WENT BACK ON HIM.—A town clerk in Illinois, who had recently given a young man a marriage license, received from him the following note:—"Sir—I will send you the license that you gave me to get married with and state that I was not married for this reason because the girl whose name is on the paper went back on me because she could get another feler his name is George Jones send them so you can give him license for her but bee sure and get your fa for so doin. No more at present but believe me your most hart broken Joseph Miller."

THE PRIZE RING
OF THE OLDEN TIME.

JACK RANDALL,
THE PRIME IRISH LAD;
OR,
THE "NONPAREIL."

His Life, and Battles in the Prize Ring.

The prize ring (1818) does not boast of a more accomplished boxer than Randall; nor of any pugilist who, in so short a period, made greater progress towards arriving at the top of the tree than he.

The "Prime Irish Lad," so denominated in the sporting world, it appears, was not a native of Ireland, but acquired the above appellation in consequence of both his parents being Irish. Randall was born on the 25th of November, 1794, in the neighborhood of St. Giles, London, near the brew-house, and among the "gay boys" of that lively part of the metropolis his skirmishes were numerous. The Archery ground, in the Long Fields, near Russell square, was the principal scene of action in which our hero exhibited when a mere stripling. Young "Snuff," well known in the boxing circles, was conquered three times by Randall in the above place; and, at the age of fourteen he also fought a man of the name of Leonard in this ground, who was a stone heavier than himself, for three-quarters of an hour. Leonard was, at length, so terribly punished, from the activity of Jack's arms, that he was obliged to be led off the field. Size or weight, it seems, never operated as any drawback to the exertions of Randall; and possessing courage of the first order, his pluck rose superior to the obstacles he had to encounter, and, like another Nelson, he never thought of anything but victory. Jack was unavoidably engaged in Mary-le-bone lane, with a man of the name of Henshaw; the latter was not only taller, but had the advantage of three stone in weight. Twenty-five minutes of hard fighting had occurred, when the friends of both parties interfered and made a drawn battle of it. Notwithstanding the great disparagement between the combatants, from the superior style of fighting displayed by Randall, it was thought he must ultimately have proved the conqueror.

One Murphy, an Irish laborer in most powerful athletic young man, attacked Randall in Baldbridge-street, St. Giles. The latter, not dismayed by his giant-like appearance, milled Murphy very severely in the course of a few rounds, but, fearing the consequences likely to ensue from a general row, our hero was compelled to desist and rest satisfied with the punishment he had so very liberally bestowed upon his over-grown opponent.

Since the period of Bill Ryan and Jack O'Donnell, the Irish amateurs had no champion to take the lead in the prize ring till the appearance of Jack Randall.

Of Randall it has been observed that he was the architect of his own fame—a pugilist from nature, perfectly self-taught—and not indebted to any professor for a single lesson towards improving his knowledge of the art of self-defence. His height was 5 feet 6 inches, and weight about 10 stone 6 lb. His appearance when stripped indicated great bodily strength; his shoulders athletic, but rather inclined to be rotund, and his frame altogether capable of great exertion, very compact, and which might be urged to partake of *multum in parvo.* Randall was a complete *rara avis* in the ring, but did not appear to use any *finesse.* His position was erect and natural fighting his *forte.* He was a most excellent judge of his distances, and floored his opponent with tremendous severity. His *one-two* were put in with the sharpness of lightning, but he appeared most partial to the use of his left hand. As a fibber, he had no superior; and, struggling to obtain the throw, the strength he generally exhibited over his adversaries in this respect astonished every spectator. On his legs he was wonderful, and he got over the ground with the agility of a dancing-master; but, notwithstanding these rare requisites towards victory, he did not pride with any of them, but fought with the greatest caution. He left nothing to chance. In the heat of battle he was cool to a degree; but his most prominent feature of a fighting man was in retiring from all his contests without scarcely exhibiting a *scratch!*

The first battle of any note in which Randall was noticed by some amateurs, was with Jack, the butcher, in the Prince Regent's Park, Mary-le-bone. It originated in a dispute respecting some improper conduct in a fight, in which the above heroes had acted in the capacity of seconds, and, being a point of honor, it was decided instantly upon the spot. In the course of twenty minutes the butcher was so completely served out that Randall was declared the conqueror.

Our hero, it seems, now aspired to obtain higher honors among the pugilistic corps, and in the same ring in which Scroggins and Eals had contended at Combewood, on August 26th, 1815, he made his *debut* with Walton, denominated the Twickenham Youth, for a purse of five guineas. Randall astonished the amateurs with the gaiety of his style and the decisive action he exhibited. Paddington Jones and White were his seconds upon this occasion, and in the short space of ten minutes the Twickenham Youth, who in other battles had shown some talents for milling, was in the hands of Randall so peppered that he now left the ring without the slightest chance of winning.

After Carter and Robinson had exhibited at Moulsey-Hurst, the first time, Wednesday, April 24th, 1816, Randall entered the ring with George Dodd, for a purse of five guineas. It was a well contested affair, and twenty-five minutes had elapsed before victory was decided in favor of our hero. West country Dick and Clark were his seconds.

On Wednesday, May 28th, 1816, at Coombewood, Randall entered the lists with a Jew, denominated "Ugly Borrick," for a subscription purse collected on the ground of ten guineas towards producing a scientific fight. The amateurs were completely astonished at the milling capabilities displayed by Randall upon the above occasion, more especially from his condition, which, in point of look, appeared so meagre and lank that an opinion was generally entertained that Young Paddy must, in the course of a few minutes, be compelled to quit the ring from the severe punishment he was likely to receive from the hands of this determined Israelite. But so unexpectedly and different was the result that Borrick, "ugly" as his index hitherto had been urged to be, was now, owing to the sudden painting it had undergone from this expert change of faces, not only rendered more "unlikely," but it was so metamorphosed as scarcely to be recognized by his most intimate friends. The decisive qualities of Randall were so conspicuous in every round present, from his quick disposal of Borrick, as to demand the unqualified praise of the best judges of scientific pugilism.

Randall did not give the Jew a single chance throughout the fight—he one-two'd him with all the celerity of the sweeps of a windmill in full swing, and floored Borrick in almost every round with the most perfect *nonchalance* over his weaseance. This milling performance, so scientific and effective in its conclusion, strongly brought to the recollection of the spectators the once distinguished Jack O'Donnell, and the superior talents of that boxer from Paddy's land seemed about to be revived in the person of Jack Randall. The above battle only lasted about twelve minutes, and Randall was seconded by Tom Oliver and Clark.

The abilities of Randall were often the theme of conversation among the amateurs of boxing, but, owing to a bad finger and want of necessary time to improve generally his frame, he was not matched till Thursday, April 3d, 1817, when he entered the lists with West country Dick for 25 guineas a side.

A roped ring was prepared for the occasion, about a mile and a half from Twickenham, on the Common, and numerous vehicles of all sorts were placed round it, forming a most capacious amphitheatre. Several marquees were also erected on the ground, filled with the good things of this life, to render the sports of the day pleasant and attractive to those lads who were well breeched; but such is the uncertain chance of war that a gentleman who rode into the ring, having all the appearance of a amateur, unfortunately, in *propria personæ*, turned out to be a country magistrate. He very politely requested the official characters to remove the ring, and to disperse as soon as possible—a good deal of gammon was tipped to prevail on him to let the manly sports proceed, but he was good naturedly inflexible, and observed that he had been upon his horse ever since 7 in the morning on the look-out, and that it was morally impossible that the battle could take place in the county of Middlesex. This was enough. And, in less than half an hour, this spot of ground, so previously important for milling, now appeared like the "baseless fabric of a vision," that not a drag was left behind. Bill Gibbons, Richmond, Harmer, Scroggins, Cribb, &c., repaired to Hayes, followed by a great party of horsemen and carriages and formed a ring, but this ultimately proved a hoax, to the no small chagrin of thousands. The better informed proceeded to Twickenham, where the subject was argued and determined, and, on the signal being given, the carriage wheels went round like lightning—the water was crossed in a twinkling—and, on the plains of Mouisey, in Surrey, about two o'clock, Randall entered the ring and threw up his hat, followed by Dick. Paddington Jones and Whale seconded Randall, and Oliver and Clark for Dick. Two to one on Randall. Both the combatants were well known to the ring, particularly Dick; but Randall was considered by far the better fighter. The amateurs were of the first respectability, but not very numerous. It was generally spoken of as a most comfortable mill and conducted with all the good breeding of a drawing-room! A small delay occurred, owing, it is said, to Dick refusing to fight out of a roped ring.

Round 1. On setting to much caution was observed on both sides to obtain the first advantage, when Randall, with great dexterity, put in a sharp hit. In return, Dick hit short, some few blows were exchanged in favor of Randall, who fought his way into a close, and commenced sibbing his adversary till they both went down. 3 to 1 on Randall, who had drawn Dick's cork.

2. Paddy, full of fire, immediately took the lead, and nobbed Dick so successfully that he turned round from his opponent. In closing, as before, he held Dick up and faced him till he went down. Loud applause.

3. Dick set to with much gaiety and put in a body hit, but he could make no successful impression upon Randall. The latter not only out-fought him, but again fibbed him down

4. The superiority of milling was decidedly on the side of Randall, who drove Dick from him. In closing, Dick went down rather rapidly from the numerous blows he had received in this round, and it was thought a foul blow had been given him, and much vociferation took place of "foul—fair," &c.

5. Randall's distances were well measured, and Dick's nob was again in contact with Paddy's fist. At the ropes Dick made an ineffectual struggle to escape from the severe sibbing which Randall was so liberally bestowing upon him. 5 to 1, but no takers.

6. Randall commenced work after the manner of a hammer man at a forge, although Dick kept plunging with his favorite right-handed hits; yet, in closing, Randall held him up with all the tightness of a vice, beating a tattoo upon his mug, till he felt disposed to send him down. Loud shouting.

7. The left hand of Dick seemed of no use to him, and his right did not perform that severe execution as on former occasions. Randall, however, did not seem to relish it much, and got away from it with adroitness. Dick was again fibbed down.

8. Randall now satisfied the ring that he must win; he showed himself a complete scientific fighter—could work well with both his hands, and not only hit Dick away from him, but ultimately milled him down. Bravo, Paddy!

9. Dick put in a facer, and Randall, in returning, hit short and were round, but recovered himself, and, in closing, fibbed Dick severely at the ropes, and then dropped him in style. 6 to 1 on Randall.

10. The nob of Dick was fast losing its shape from the severe hammering of Randall, who applied his mug rapidly on his opponent's mug that it could only be compared to a footman knocking violently at a door. In closing they both went down.

11. A short round, but it terminated in favor of Randall, as did also the twelfth, thirteenth and fourteenth rounds.

15. It seemed as if Dick was endeavoring to obtain a chance in his favor; he hit Randall on the face, put in a hard blow on his shoulder, and had the best of this round. Both down.

16 to 23. Randall seemed rather bowed in these rounds, and at times got away from Dick's right hand. In fact, he had not been idle for a moment, and the face of his opponent gave a strong specimen of his capabilities, and he was fibbed down upon every set-to. 5 to 1.

24. A good deal of sparring occurred before a blow was exchanged, when Randall put in four facers without any return. Both down. Any odds.

32. The arm of Randall appeared to have all the activity of a fiddler playing a country dance; his hand was never out of his opponent's face.

35. This round claimed much attention from its singularity. Dick put in two severe body hits, but, in closing, Randall fibbed him severely with his left hand, then changed it with the most apparent ease, as if punished Dick down. Great applause.

24 to 37. In these rounds the spectators were surprised to see the successful manner that Randall held up Dick with one arm and punished him with the other. His head was now completely in chancery, his left eye completely puffed up, and he had been down so often as nearly to get the appellation of "tumble-town Dick."

38. The battle was fast drawing to a close and the excellence of Randall was now acknowledged by all. Dick endeavored to make some desperate hits, but Randall nobbed him at arm's length, with the utmost *sang froid*, and, in closing, did as he liked with him.

39 and last. On setting-to, Randall, with much severity, put in a blow on the bread basket, that not only puffed the wind out of him, but he went down and instantly rolled up like a bale of cloth. Such a blow is rarely witnessed and seldom fails of having the desired effect. Time was called, and, upon Dick's getting up to come to the scratch, he shook hands with Randall and resigned the contest.

Randall, in the above contest, proved himself one of the prettiest fighters of his weight (10st. 2lb.) He was a good two-handed hitter, but unusually successful with his left hand, and his game had not been put to the test in any of his battles. Dick had not the slightest chance. Randall left the ring without a scratch upon his face.

TO BE CONTINUED.

COCKING.

NEW YORK vs. ALBANY AND TROY.

GREAT MAIN FOR $2,000.

NEW YORK VICTORIOUS BY ONE BATTLE ONLY.

The long expected main between New York and Albany and Troy combined, came off at Union Hill, near Hoboken, N. J., on Tuesday, Feb. 22d. The contest was arranged about a month ago, the contracting parties being Ben Daniels on the part of the Empire City, and James Scullin for the Hudson River parties. The New York fowls were principally of the famous Heathwood strain, a breed principally derived from the old Walton hen judiciously crossed with the Claibornes and imported Derbys. Tom Heathwood himself was on hand and felt as much gratification at the victory of his stock as he did the week previous at the aristocratic main at Jerome Park. The Albany and Troy fowls were of various strains, the majority being of the well-known Teddy Story stock, whose characteristics are quick fighters and dead game. The conditions of the main were to show seventeen cocks on each side, at weights ranging from 4 lb. 4 oz. to 5 lb. 8 oz., and fight all that fell in for $50 each battle and $2,000 on the odd fight. There was a large attendance of leading fanciers from New York, Boston, Albany, Troy, Paterson and other places, and the pit was crowded to its utmost capacity, notwithstanding the tariff of $5 a head charged for admission. The affair commenced at 3 o'clock P. M. and was not terminated until near midnight. On weighing, thirteen on each side fell in, and the fighting commenced with the light weights.

FIRST FIGHT.—New York sent in a red and white, with white backle, and Troy a black red, each 4 lb. 4 oz. The betting was $20 to $18 on the Troy bird, taken to a deal of money. For the first three minutes the fighting was sharp and cesperate on both sides, when the favorite received a broken wing which changed the odds to the other side. Still the black red fought bravely, but was obliged to succumb to the New Yorker, who won in 12 minutes.

SECOND FIGHT.—The up-river division sent in a 5 lb. black red, and New York one of the same weight and color, with white backle. The Troy bird got to work very quickly and in five minutes he had his rival at his mercy. The latter made a few desperate rallies but was obliged to go under, after a fight of 11 minutes.

THIRD FIGHT.—Daniels produced a black red for New York and Troy a white spangle, each 5 lbs 7 oz. This was a very brief contest, for in exactly one minute and at the third fly the black red sent his spurs through the head of his antagonist, killing him instantaneously.

FOURTH FIGHT.—Each side was represented by a black red, weighing 4 lb. 11 oz. It was a poor contest, neither bird being of much account. In 8 minutes the New Yorker won.

FIFTH FIGHT.—Troy has never been witnessed a more stubbornly contested and well fought fight than this and it contrasted strikingly with the previous loading affair. New York produced a red and white pyle, and Troy a brass back, each weighing 4lbs. 11oz. Both were grand looking birds, and the betting was heavy, full $2,000 depending on the issue. They commenced fighting in spirited style, but before three minutes had elapsed the New Yorker got blinded in both eyes. Odds were now laid on the Albany and Troy bird, but the pyle rallied and came again in such a thorough game cock style that, although blinded, he again became the favorite. His hitting was wonderfully powerful and strong, and but for the loss of his sight, which compelled him to grope about his opponent all around the pit, the fight must have been decided in half the time. At last the Troy bird was cut down, pounded, and the New Yorker won a hard fought battle in 43 minutes.

SIXTH FIGHT.—New York showed a red with white backle, and Troy a black red, each 4 lbs. 4 oz. The Troy bird had the best of the fighting from the start and won the battle in 24 minutes.

SEVENTH FIGHT.—Each side showed a black red, 4 lbs. 14 oz. The New York bird was a poor fighter and was 3 times and long odds were laid on the Hudson river representative, who won the battle in 7 minutes, the New Yorker being pounded.

EIGHTH FIGHT.—At this stage of the main New York had won four fights and Troy three, and betting was active at $100 to $80 on the former winning the main. Troy sent in a spangle and New York a black red. It was a rattling good fight while it lasted, just 5 minutes, when the New Yorker was declared the winner.

NINTH FIGHT.—New York showed a four-twelve black red with white backle, and Troy one of the same color an ounce lighter. The birds were such moderate fighters that there was little betting or excitement on it. The Troy bird had the advatage from the start and won in 3 minutes.

TENTH FIGHT.—A fine Heathwood black red, with white backle represented the New Yorkers and a pyle the Hudson river towns, each weighing 4lbs. 12 oz. The latter could not stand the fierce onslaught of the Heathwood and was decisated after a short fight of 3 minutes.

ELEVENTH FIGHT.—Troy showed a black red and New York a red with white backle, both five pounders. The latter led off vigorously and see med to look all over the winner, but a chance hit broke his leg and he went over, the Troy bird winning in 3 minutes.

TWELFTH FIGHT.—New York had now won six and Troy five fights and the excitement was great as the odds were pulled for the twelfth battle. New York showed a four nine pyle and Troy a black red, two ounces lighter. The betting was unusually heavy on this contest, new York having the call at $30 to $40. It was a rasping fight, the New Yorker getting blinded, but still struggling with such undaunted game that in 7 minutes he laid out his fowl and won the fight and main, amid the jubilant congratulation of his party.

SUMMARY.

Fights.	*New York.*	*Troy and Albany.*	*Weight—lbs. oz.*	*Won by*
1	Red and white	Black red	4.04	New York.
2	Black red	Black red	5.08	Troy.
3	Black red	White spangle	5.07	New York.
4	Black red	Light red	4.11	New York.
5	Red pyle	Brass back	4.11	New York.
6	Red and white	Black red	4.12	Troy.
7	Black red	Black red	4.14	New York.
8	Red and white	Pyle	4.03	Jersey.
9	Light red	Light red	4.04	New York.
10	Black red	Pyle	4.11	Jersey.
11	Red and white	Black red	5.00	Troy.
12	Pyle	Black red	4.07	New York.

Battles won by New York.. 7 | Battles won by Troy and Albany..5

MAIN BETWEEN NEW JERSEY AND NEW YORK AT UNION HILL.

NEW JERSEY TRIUMPHANT.

The final main between the fanciers of New York and New Jersey came off at John Ludlow's, Union Hill, near Hoboken, on the afternoon of Feb. 21st. About two hundred and fifty patrons of the sport were in attendance, including several of the prominent fanciers from Boston, Albany and Troy, who had visited the city to be present at the more important main between New York and Albany and Troy combined on the ensuing day. The conditions were to show fifteen cocks and chickens on each side, of which thirteen fell in, six cocks and seven chickens, thus necessitating the winning side to score seven battles. Each fight was for $25, and $1,000 was dependent on the result of the main. William Clacker handled for New Jersey and Ed. Mackey for New York.

FIRST FIGHT.—Both sides showed a black red with white backle, each weighing 5 lbs. 6oz. The New York bird looked to such great advantage compared with his foe that $20 to $14 was currently offered on his winning. For over six minutes the fight was a rattling good one, when the favorite lost an eye and the Jersey bird broke his still, so that he could not take or keep his hold. The favorite was the first to show signs of defeat, and when the birds were separated several times he fell and was pounded. On counting the referee ordered the handlers to breast the cocks, and as the Jersey bird did not peck he decided the fight in favor of the New York cock. The decision caused intense dissatisfaction and there was a pro-pect of a fight, but quietness finally prevailed and the referee declining to act further, a fresh one was selected and they proceeded with the

SECOND FIGHT.—Two four pounders, both black reds, and the betting even. The Jersey bird fought with such fierceness that he broke his gaff on the neck of his antagonist and won the battle in 7 minutes.

THIRD FIGHT.—New York sent in a four-six pile and Jersey a four-seven red. Both were game fighters, but the Jersey bird, by a lucky stroke, laid oudthe oyle and won the fight in 12 minutes.

FOURTH FIGHT.—New York sent in a four-five black red and Jersey a spangle, both commenced well, but at accidental brain blow laid out the New Yorker a dead cock in the pit. Time, 2 minutes.

FIFTH FIGHT.—Jersey this time showed a four-eleven brass back and New York a pyle one ounce lighter Both were moderate birds, but the Jerseyman was so far the better fighter that $20 to $5 was bet on him. He killed his rival in 7 minutes

SIXTH FIGHT.—Jersey had now won four straight battles and only lost one; good odds were, therefore, laid on their winning the main. New York showed a five pound black, and Jersey a five-two black red, who was the favorite at $20 to $15. The fight only lasted three minutes, the Jersey cocker reaping the laurels. The New York bird won cleverly, making two fights for that side of the house.

SEVENTH FIGHT.—Two five-four chickens, the New Jersey a red with white backle, of the Ludlow stock, and New York a black red. The fight was hotly contested in every round, and long odds were laid on the Hudson river representative, who won the battle in 7 minutes, the New Yorker being pounded.

EIGHTH FIGHT.—Jersey sent in another of the Ludlow strain, a four pound red chicken with white backle, while New York had a pyle of the same weight. At the third fly, Jersey sent his spurs through the brain of his opponent, winning in 2 minutes.

NINTH FIGHT.—New York showed a four-four red, against New Jersey's four pounder of the same color. The odds in weight gave the victory to New York, although the light-weight fought gamely. Time, 7 minutes.

TENTH FIGHT.—New Jersey showed a black red, with white backle, and New York a pyle, both four-eleven. They were a couple of raspers, but the Ludlow stock came out triumphant, for the Jersey bird won the fight and main in 1 minute. This fight decided the fate of the main, but in the three remaining fights New Jersey won two and New York one. We give the summary:—

Fights.	*New Jersey.*	*New York.*	*Weight—lbs oz.*	*Won by*
1	Black red	Black red	5.06	New York
2	Black red	Black red	4.00	Jersey
3	Red	White	4.07	Jersey
4	Spangle	Black red	4.05	Jersey
5	Brassback	Pyle	4.11	Jersey
6	Black red	Black	5.02	New York
7	Red and white	Black red	5.04	Jersey
8	Red and white	Pyle	4.00	Jersey
9	Light red	Light red	4.04	New York
10	Black red	Pyle	4.11	Jersey

Battles won by New Jersey.. 7 | Battles won by New York.. 3

ANOTHER CHALLENGE FROM CANADA.—A few weeks ago we published in the CLIPPER a communication from Mr. Thomas Malone, of Quebec, accepting the challenge of Mr. William Walton, of East New York, to fight a main of cocks, and proposing the stakes to be $1,000 a side in gold, with an allowance of $200 in gold for expenses of fighting either in New York or Quebec, as might be agreed upon. This offer being acceptable to Mr. Walton, he wrote to Quebec and agreed upon the terms of Mr. Malone. Since that time nothing further has been heard of the Quebec fancier, which is the more strange, as gentlemen in this city who are acquainted with him give him the highest character for honor and responsibility as a sporting man, and we should like much to know why the proposed main hangs fire. We publish below another challenge from a Canadian sportsman, which, it will be seen, is unusually vague in character. He offers to fight a main, but insists on its being fought in Canada, near Kingston, but says nothing about allowing any sum for expenses. Here is the challenge:—

EDITOR N. Y. CLIPPER.—DEAR SIR.—No doubt you have heard of the main of cocks that was fought at Cape Vincent, N. Y., on the 15th inst., and how Kingston came off victorious. I don't wish to boast or the drubbing Watertown received on that occasion, but to give another chance to the fanciers on the State of New York to fight another main in the month of May or June next, of not less than twenty-one or more than forty three battles, for $1,000 or more a side, in gold; the main to be fought in Canada near Kingston. Respectfully, JOHN COCHRANE.

TROY AGAIN CHALLENGES NEW YORK OR BOSTON.—We have received the following letter from Mr. James Scullen, of Troy, from which it will be seen that he is not satisfied with the result of the main he recently fought against New York and Ben Daniels, but challenges him to another main for a larger stake. Mr. Scullen's proposition is, like himself, straightforward and manly, and we have no doubt it will meet with acceptance either from Mr. Daniels or some other of the New York fanciers:—

CHALLENGE.—I will fight Mr. Daniels, or any other man in New York or Boston, a main of cocks, in the state of New Jersey, New York rules, showing 17 cocks, for from $1,000 to $5,000 the main, and from $50 to $250 each battle. JAMES SCULLEN.

West Troy, New York, 24th Feb., 1870.

JOHN HENSHAW, the esteemed husband of Rose Lazarus, daughter of the late Izzy Lazarus, died in this city on the 24th ult., in his 30th year. His decease will be deeply regretted by a legion of warm personal friends and by all who knew him. It is but a short time since that the father of the deceased breathed his last.

BASE BALL.

CLUB AVERAGES FOR 1869.

During last season every club traveled on their muscle in order to make as high an average for their club as the Fates would permit. Tour after tour was made throughout the country towns, which not only gave them an excellent opportunity to run up big scores, but was also of inestimable value in awakening a greater interest in our noble game. As a general thing these trips were undertaken by the so-called "professionals," and as it is a rather difficult matter to define the boundary line between professionals and amateurs, we will endeavor to give several ways in which players are induced to play with certain clubs. Avowed professionals are either paid with a salary or by a share in the gate money. The former is undoubtedly the best way, since it removes the incentive to third games, which the "boys" know are the most remunerative. Another class is where the club authorities give to their players certain positions which afford good pay and little work. Still another is one in which certain "potents" advance money to them in order to set them up in business, giving them the privilege of paying when they like or, if they never do pay up, they hear nothing more of the matter. New these last two do not claim to be "professionals," but persistently insist that they are "amateurs." What claim they really have to the latter title they alone can see, but to the outsiders the wolf is there, although covered with the sheep's skin. We have made these introductory remarks in order to show our division, those marked (*) being acknowledged "professionals," while the others are "amateurs," or so called "amateurs." In making up these averages we have taken all games we could find, and have made them as complete as possible.

In regard to the interest awakened by these trips, our readers will notice what lively times the "tossers" had in "Frisco" after the departure of the "Red Stockings," and the present number of the CLIPPER will show of what benefit the Mutual trip was to the New Orleans clubs. Of our noted "professionals" the Cincinnati Club had the most of the "bobbing" around; Eckford next, while the Atlantic did the least. The averages are:—

Clubs.	Games	Won.	Lost.	Tied.	Runs.	Average.	Outs Made.	Average.
1. Forest City, of Rockford	34	30	4	0	1182	49.05	287	11.28
2. Athletic, of Philadelphia*	49	43	7	0	2106	42.48	997	19.26
3. Niagara	13	6	7	0	548	42.02	293	22.04
4. Cincinnati*	58	53	5	0	2393	42.01	1267	10.04
5. Empire, of St. Louis	22	19	3	0	834	37.13	530	22.08
6. Forest City, of Cleveland*	34	29	5	0	852	35.06	516	21.06
7. Atlantic*	48	40	6	2	1613	31.29	649	13.25
8. Gotham	15	9	6	0	453	32.03	268	19.11
9. Haymakers*	34	24	9	1	1094	32.01	556	16.12
10. Mutual*	52	36	16	0	1615	31.13	691	13.18
11. Pastime	12	6	6	0	381	31.09	207	17.03
12. National, of Albany	8	5	3	0	248	31.02	242	30.04
13. Lowell	17	14	10	3	821	30.41	302	22.29
14. Eagle	13	8	5	0	391	30.01	327	25.02
15. Harvard	30	14	5	1	503	29.13	535	17.13
16. Tri-Mountain	15	9	6	0	441	29.06	292	19.11
17. Keystone*	38	19	18	1	1102	29.00	925	24.15
18. Rockford*	35	17	8	0	1357	28.17	735	13.15
19. Harmonic	18	9	9	0	509	28.05	474	24.06
20. Star	21	16	6	0	617	28.01	338	15.08
21. Expert	8	3	4	1	225	28.01	295	36.07
22. Olympic, of Washington*	36	22	13	0	977	27.15	667	18.21
23. Social	16	9	7	0	391	27.13	444	31.10
24. Empire	16	8	8	0

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Profession.

Clipper Post Office.

☞ A STAMPED ENVELOPE, plainly addressed, must be enclosed for each and every letter sent for. Where there are two or more persons of like name in the profession, the line of business followed by the party addressed should be given in order to prevent mistakes.

Anderson, Geo.
Ashcroft, Wm. J.
A. R. C., (2)
Apell, Bruno, 23d.
Barclay, G. Lippard
Barker, Geo. L.
Bailey, Geo.
Bidaux, Gustave (2)
Bell, Frank
Brinton, Jas. A
Carden, Jas. (3)
Catlin, Frank X.
Castle, Chas. H.
Converse, Frank
Chesterson, Jno. H.
Collins, Chas. E.
Castello, Geo.
Carlew, Thos.
Clark, Geo. M.
Castello, Dan
Couldock, C. W.
Clifford, Charlie
Cobb, Willis
Cappolo, Sig. M
Clarke, Kit
Carleton, W.
Daly, Chas.
Dornen, W. C.
Dowland, Edwin
De Berger, Leon
Darrenport, G. C.
Drummond, J.
De Vere, Geo F.
De Caux, Prof.
Dunn, John
Engler, John
Evans, Frank J.
Ellinger, Col. Wm.
French, J. M. (2)
Fyffe, Chas. J. (3)
F. X.,
Gumpert, Louis
Gulick, Jas. T.
Gossin, F. A.
Gaylor, Charlie
Gibbs, Clark
Gregory, Alex.
Hogan, Mr.
Howard, Chas. L.
Jennings, Jas. O.
Keys, D. A.
Kelah, F. M.
Keegan, Johnny
Kellar, Harry
Koehl, Chas.
Kemble, Chas. W.
Lesler, Frank B.
La Rue, D. C.
Lester, Billy
Lathrop, Sam
Lisgard,
Linyard, W. K.
McIntyre, Thos.
Myers, Oliver P.
Mills, E. T.
Malmburg, W. V.
Meyer, Julius
Maas, James
McCall, Edwin C.
Mohard, Harry
Nelson, J.
Noyes, C. E.
Otto, Karl
O'Brien, John
Pastor, Frank
Paulo, N.
Persse, S. D.
Powers, Geo. W.
Prescott, D. K.
Purcell, A. W.
Pettenzill, Charley
Quick, Elam
Righton, Edward
Roberts, N. D. (2)
Rickey, John E.
Rice, Dan
Richardson, Chas.
Robinson, Jas.
Ricaby, John
Rogers, Neil
Rogers, Felix
Stone & Murray, (2)
Simons, J.
Stultz, J. Geo.
Sharpley, Sam
Seymaar, Wm. H.
Sullivan, Chas.
Scott, Ainsley (2)
Slocum, L.
Stuckney, Sam
Spaulding, W. P.
St. Leone, Harry
Thomas & Watson,
Tannehill, Frank
Tannenbaum, Jacob 2
Talbott, Harry (2)
Taylor, W. H.
Thompson & Riggs,
Ulmer, Frank
White, Charley (20)
Waldron, D. G.
Warfield, Tom
Warner, Nell
Wharf, Harry
Waters, Jas.
West, Lucian H.
Williams, John R.
Watson, Thos. Victor
Avery, Carrie
Arizonia, Mad.
Angelo, Clara
Abbott, Mrs.
Byron, Carrie
Boshell, Ada
Clarke, Maggie
Collins, Miss
Carroll, Mrs. R. M.
Cantor, Mrs. R. J.
Dutton, Belle
Devere, Ida
Eldridge, Sallie
Enos, Mrs. Albert G.
Fisher, Kate
Fyffe, Kitty
Grattan, Emma
Heywood Sisters,
Howard, Victoria
Hall, Edith
Johnson, Jennie
Joy, Maggie F.
Johnson, Gipsey
Lee, Kitty
Lotta,
Lemoine, Maggie C.
Mosell, Nellie
Marble, Helen
Pennoyer, Kate
Price, Fanny B.
Quackley, Jennie
Simmons, Fannie
Sweatnam, Jennie V.
Sutherland, Agnes
Swift, Sallie
Thompson, Maggie
Wray, Ada
Williams, Belle
Woodruff, Mary
Wortland, Mad.
Zulella, M'lle

Songs for the People.

In this department we intend to give, either weekly or from time to time, as space will permit, original songs, composed expressly for the CLIPPER, comprising sentimental, comic, Ethiopian songs, which our friends are at liberty to make use of, as we do not intend to copyright them. Of the series, below will be found

BEAUTIFUL EMELINE.

SONG AND CHORUS.

Beautiful Emiline, beautiful Emeline,
Day time and night time I'm dreaming of thee;
Would I could rear thee bride,
For, all the world beside,
Thou art the nearest and dearest to me.
Chorus—Beautiful Emeline, beautiful Emeline,
Sadly and lonely I roam far over the sea;
Since I have left your arms
Life for me has no charms,
Day time and night time I dream, love, of thee.

Beautiful Emeline, my darling Emeline,
Thou art the beacon that, shining afar,
Lights up my lonesome way,
Turning my night to day.
Chorus—Beautiful Emeline, &c., &c.

Beautiful Emeline, sweet black-eyed Emelina,
Oceans for ever between us may roll;
Still will I turn to thee,
Still will I yearn for thee,
Light of my life and joy of my soul!
Chorus—Beautiful Emeline, &c., &c. W. H. S.

Halls, Theatres, etc., to Rent.

For particulars see advertisements in the CLIPPER.

Dayton, Ohio—"Beckel Opera House"—J. S. Church.
Indianapolis, Ind.—"Metropolitan Hall"—W. H. Leake.
Janesville, Miss.—"Metropolitan Hall"—J. L. Davis.
Yonkers, N. Y.—"Rooney's Hall"—M. W. Rooney.
Kansas City, Mo.—"Frank's Hall"—C. J. Frank.
Erie, Pa.—"Farrar Hall"—Wm. J. Seil & Co.
Wilkesbarre, Pa.—"Liberty Hall"—S. Franenthal.
Williamsburgh, L. I.—"Opera House."
Akron, O.—"Summer's Opera House"—Sumner & Abbey.
Sparta, Wis.—"Bowen's Opera House"—W. B. Briggs.
Beloit Wis.—"Union Hall"—A. B. Carpenter & Co.
Newark, O.—"Wallace's Opera House"—Geo. Wallace.
Aurora, Ill.—"Brady's Hall"—Thomas Tousley.
Phœnixville, Pa.—"Temperance Hall"—W. S. Waltnaight.
Louisville, Ky.—"Masonic Temple"—Wm. Cromey.
Charleston, S. C.—"Academy of Music"—J. L. Moses.
Taunton, Mass.—"White's New Music Hall"—L. E. & A. E. White.
Johnstown, Pa.—"Main Street Opera House"—John Parke.
Biddeford, Me.—"Shaw's New Hall"—Ivory Goodwin.
Matteawan, N. Y.—"Mechanics' Hall."
Quincy, Ill.—"Opera House"—James J. Langdon.
Monroe, Wis.—"Union Hall"—John D. Wood.
Freeport, Ill.—"Wilcoxon Opera House"—T. Wilcoxon
Peoria, Ill.—"Rouse's Opera Hall"—R. Rouse.
Greenport, L. I.—"Continental Hall"—Chas. Etheridge.
Richmond, Ind.—"Lyceum Hall"—Luther Crocker.
Phœnixville, Pa.—"Masonic Hall."
Council Bluffs, Iowa.—"Burbon's Opera House"—H. Burbop.
Whitehall, Ill.—"Union Hall"—J. N. Israel.
Dunmore, Pa.—"Ewen Hall"—Jno. D. Boyle.
Schenectady, N. Y.—"Union Hall"—Dimont & Egleston.
Syracuse, N. Y.—"Shakespeare Hall"—Stephen Shenable.
Coshocton, O.—"New Central Hall"—A. S. Stevenson.
Louisville, Ky.—"Weisiger Hall"—J. M. Boggs.
Canton, O.—"Schaerr's Opera House"—L. Schaefer.
Pittsburgh, Pa.—"Academy of Music"—W. A. McClurg.
South Bend, Ind.—"Academy of Music"—D. A. Vensecy.
Jackson, Mich.—"Union Hall"—Geo. W. Stevenson.
Toledo, O.—"Wagner Hall"—C. A. Wagner.
Reading, Pa.—"Keystone Opera House"—D. P. Lash.
Johnstown, Pa.—"Union Hall"—R. W. Hunt.
Shelbyville, Ind.—"Blessing Opera House"—J. Blessing.

Theatrical Goods Dealers, Show Bill Printers, etc.

For particulars see advertisements in this issue of the CLIPPER.

Show Bill Printers.—Clarry & Reilly, 12, 14 and 16 Spruce st., N. Y.
W. H. Wade & Co., Eve. News Job Office, Richmond, Va.
Torry Brothers, 13 Spruce street, N. Y.
Ferd. Mayer & Sons, 96 and 98 Fulton st., N.Y.
Alex. Calhoun, 262 Main st., Hartford, Conn.
Wood Engravers.—Roylance & Purcell, 108 Nassau st., N. Y.
Theatrical Goods.—Shannon, Miller & Crane, 46 Maiden Lane, N.Y.
Vanderlip & Taylor, 96 Bowery, N. Y.
Geo. S. Thurber, 129 Dearborn street, Chicago, Ill.
Schuyler, Hartley & Graham, 21 Maiden Lane, N.Y.
R. B. Kent, 173 Bowery, N. Y.
Theatrical Shoemakers.—Somers & Nestrock, 270 Bowery, N. Y.
J. O'Donnell, 260 Bowery, N. Y.
Hair and Clog Dancing.—Jno. Bogan, 130 E. Houston st., N. Y.
Mrs. J. K. Buckley, 578 Hudson street, N. Y.
Banjo.—Henry C. Dobson, 260 Bowery, N. Y.
John Bogan, as above.
Theatrical Agents.—Davis & Co., Cincinnati, O.
R. Fitzgerald, 612 Broadway, N. Y.
J. M. Mortimer, 817 Walnut st., Philad'a, Pa.
John Cantley, 636 Broadway, N. Y.
Bill Posters.—P. G. Backus, Erie, Pa.
Wm. Sayre, Newark, O.
Steel & Co., Reading, Pa.
H. G. Clark, Watertown, N. Y.
A. Snyder, Wilkes Barre, Pa.
Dramatic Lights.—McLewee & Putnam, 561 Broadway, N. Y.
Circus Tents, etc.—Jas. Marin & Son, 114 Commercial st., Boston, Mass
Comic Artists.—L. W. Seavey, 684 Broadway, N. Y.
J. Bruce, 630 Broadway, N. Y.
Magical Apparatus.—M. Hart, 748 Broadway, N. Y.
Costumes.—Mrs. Taylor, 576 Bowery, N. Y.
Flags.—H. Burnus, 84 Fourth avenue, N. Y.
G. A. Brownson, Dubuque, Iowa.
Musical Instruments.—Boosey & Co., 644 Broadway, N. Y.
Theatrical Wigs.—Schmidt & Footner, 21 East Houston st., N. Y.

Hotels and Saloons.

Turner House—Danbury, Conn.—Jesse Sands.
Worden Hotel—142 to 146 E. 14th st., N. Y.—G. P. Worden.
St. Charles Hotel—Broadway and Bleecker, N. Y.—G. L. Leland.
Peh Bryan's Cafe—Fifth street and Broadway, New York.
Central Hotel—Providence, R. I.—Hopkins & Sears.

Introductory Overture.

MONDAY, Feb. 28, '70.

THE WEEK just closed has been prolific of a variety of sensational events in the theatrical world, prominent among which was the *emeute*—that is as good a word as we can think of just now—between the editor of a Chicago paper and the blonde beauties of the Lydia Thompson brigade, full particulars of which are given in another column. It is to be regretted that the blondes should have taken such an unwomanly method of redressing their alleged wrongs; legal measures would have given them full justice in a court of law, for where a lady's in the case, be she right or be she wrong, her sex will always command a certain sympathy which generally carries judges and jury along with it, and ends with the opposing party being "the under dog in the fight"—and this must not be construed as calling either of the belligerants canine contestants. Mr. Story, it is true, was rather severe in his strictures, and his language was not of that refined nature which should be made use of when referring to erring sisters of the female persuasion; he should have taken them under his wing as a maternal hen doth her infantile offspring; he should have talked to them like a father—advised them, pleaded with them, pointed out the shoals and quicksands in their path, and much other like stuff; he should also have directed their attention to the danger of their taking cold if they did not put more clothes on, etc., which he did not do—hence the burlesque tragedy that ensued. It is also to be regretted that Mr. Henderson, the masculine blonde, interfered in the melee, and—he should have permitted Lydia and Pauline to tackle the perfidious editor single-handed, and then we should have been better able to judge of the respective fighting merits of the hostile forces; as it is, we cannot decide who won the fight, although we *have* evidence that Lydia drew first blood. As a newspaper man, on principle, we must take a stand in favor of Mr. Story, and against the pugilistic blondes of Henderson's fighting brigade; much as we love the ladies, greatly as we admire Lydia and Pauline, and the other divinities comprising the troupe, self-interest compels us to espouse the cause of the press. If we permit these ladies to thrash one of us out in Chicago, who knows where they may not seek for a victim next? Self-preservation is the first law of nature—we newspaper people must form a coalition against these blood-thirsty blondes—we must stand up for the rights of man, for the privilege to call women just what we please—the independence of the press must be sustained though a dozen Storys should be sacrificed; yea, even though Horace Greeley or some other respectable editor of the daily press in this city should suffer. We owe it to the public, we owe it to the position we occupy, we owe it to ourselves. What! Are we to be trodden down by a handful of female women? Are we to be frightened at the sight of a *corps* of beautifully developed naked women? Are we men that we should own up to such cowardice? No! a thousand times no! Better, by far, that the fifteenth amendment to the constitution should be strangled in its birth; better that the West Point Cadetship, should be sold at fifty cents a piece, and *no* questions asked; better that the new City Charter should become a law at once; than that the freedom of the untrammeled American press should be curtailed of its gigantic form and Cardiffian proportions. Are we to be at the mercy of devilish women? Are we to be in constant dread of getting "hit in the Irish snoot," or a punch in the eye? This is a serious matter. Woman's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn. We must face the danger, and we here boldly take our stand against women of every hue, and shade, and degree. We volunteer to lead the forlorn hope against these graceless female scallawags and a sea of other like troubles. To this end we brand the fighting blondes as devils in disguise: we charge them with being seditious and seductive characters; and we have given directions to "Our Jim," in the event of their trying to make a second Story of us, to shoot them down on the spot! Now, then, Mr. Henderson, call off your female dogs! Jimmy, grease her a bit, and tie down the safety valve while we give the blondes a dose of our machine:—

THE STORY OF THE BLONDES.

GROUND OUT BY "OUR JIM," WITH ONE HAND.

There was a man in Chicago, a perfect Iago,
"Treacherous, deceitful and bad,"
And he was told, that his bold strictures so cold
Would get him into a scrape;
But this man in his glory, whose name it was Storey
Didn't mind 'em a bit—
And the first thing he knew, he got a hit in the snoo-
T that he won't never forget, bime by;
The first man that hit him was Liddy, more's the piddy—
Yet he drew it on to himself, the elf;
Then Pauline went in, at least we have been
Told by them which was present;
And the whole crowd went through him, did black and did blue him,
And slashed around like old scratch;
But he caught Pauline's head in chancery, in advancery
Of other hostile efforts,
And he scratched her nose and tore her clothes, so the Story goes—
But who knows?
While the fight it did rage and the blondes they did wage
A furious warfare upon him,
Henderson stood by, on the sly, with his eye
On the belligerents;
And when Storey he sought her, and caught her, as he oughter
And was a punchin of Lyd,
Henderson, he did ought, 'twas a sin, to go in,
And threatened for to shoot storey;
But the latter, who ain't no ham fatter, began for to scatter
The other women,
And the ground very soon was strewn, by the light of the moon,
With the dyeing blondes;
Then a man is a carriage—who will doubtless propose marriage
For what he has done—
Said to Lydia:—"Now, lor, sis, you must draw off your forces,
Or otherwise cheese it,
Before the law, with its huge paw, and its claw
Sea gets you in quod;"
So what should they do, this crew, who did brew
The unwholesome unpleasantness,
But git up and g t, as they'd fit, and pit-
Ched in long enough, perhaps;
But the Philistines of old came *down* on the fold, like gold,
And nabbed them where their hair was short.
To a Justice they brought 'em, a good man, who taught 'em
The way of transgressors is hard
By fining each woman, which only was human,
A century a piece.
So the blondes were delighted that they weren't benighted
In the station with other vile characters.
But Storey, we are told, don't want silver or gold,
But justice—if you know what *that* is—
For he says they were bent, by intent, to circumvent,
And perhaps kill him;
But he'd better drop it, or stop it, or—
This is the end of the Chicago Storey.

.....We were "led into Temptation" the other night—leastwise we attended the spectacle of the "Twelve Temptations" at the Grand Opera House, which is one of the sensations of the day, and in certain respects surpasses even the the splendor of the late lamented "Black Crook." This brilliant series of stage pictures is well worthy of the beautiful frame from which we view them, for the theatre itself is one of the grandest in the world, and should be seen by all who have an interest in theatrical affairs.....Every man, and, in a few respects, every woman, provided you bridle her tongue a little, has a right to an opinion, and to express it to any other man; but if any other man expresses a *counter* opinion, it should not lead to an *en*-counter between the parties. We have lately heard of a wholesale war between two rival theatrical companies in Europe over the question as to which *corps* were the best performers. Now this is all very wrong in "children of one family," and is much to be deplored. We do not settle questions that way in this country; we ask the public to witness the performances, and let them decide between the parties, who would by no means suffer a rivalry between two dramatic *corps* to be a *cause* of enmity and bitter words and strife among men who should always have the best of feeling toward each other. Future on the rights of man.....We are now going to ask you a conundrum, which you are at liberty to answer or not, as you may feel disposed:—Why was John C. Heenan, the Benicia Boy, and "hero of Farnsworth," where he didn't get the belt, owing to a variety of circumstances over which he had no control, and of which he had no previous knowledge, because the Atlantic cable was not in working order, leastwise it was not laid at the time, and very little could be learned in advance of the regular mail except through the advices forwarded by the special correspondent of the NEW YORK CLIPPER, who was sent to England "at an enormous cost" as well as "regardless of expense," to report the fight in full, and give us all the particulars of that strange and unnatural event in advance of all other sleepy contemporaries, perhaps, as well as to "put money in our purse," which he did very effectually owing to the demand for the CLIPPER among the clergy, the bar, the bench, and the domestic circle, who read our advices before eating their morning meal, so anxious was the public to follow the fortunes of the American representative, who was regarded with feelings of gratitude for the stand he had taken in defence of the American constitution which had been stigmatized as a race of puny persons of dyspeptical constitution and nervous hereditrements brought on by dissipation and a too-close application to business, which formed the American character at the time whereof we speak, but is now of contrary opinion since we made our mark at Farnborough and came *near* getting away with the Oxford chaps in the late international rowing race on English waters, which it is difficult to get them to row on American soil owing to the reason that Kit Burns would not guarantee them fair play, which upset all the arrangements and the match was declared off, in his recent sets-to at the Old Bowery and Tammany with the British representative of the prize arena, like a Knight of old in battle? But all this reminds us of something that occurred in our sanctum last Saturday, and which may be like throwing

PEARLS BEFORE SWINE.

Last Saturday we told "Our Jim"—
While giving him his pay—
He had "better put up something
Against a rainy day."

"Don't bodder me," he answered;
"I always do, old feller,
Whenever there comes a rainy day
I put up my umbrella!"

.....Jim's an odd sort of character and does'nt seem to have a proper appreciation of matters and things in general. It was only this morning that a gentleman, in speaking to us of the new play of "Frou-Frou," now the attraction at Daly's Fifth Avenue Theatre, asked James what was the meaning of "Frou-Frou." "A Dutchman's two wives," was his ridiculous reply.....On being told that Fechter "hit 'em hard" at the Bijou, "Our Jim" wants to know if the spokes-man hurt 'em much.

City Summary.

DEATH OF A MINSTREL.—James W. Glenn, a well-known and much loved minstrel performer, died, in this city, at his residence, 105 Christie street, corner of Grand, on Saturday night, Feb. 26th, at half-past ten o'clock. Mr. Glenn, whose right name was McDonald, was born in Philadelphia, of Irish parents, in 1839. He was first introduced to the profession by Cool White, joining E. P. Sanford's Minstrels, while performing in 1858-9, in Newark, N. J. He continued with this troupe, and opened with them at the Eleventh Street Opera House, Philadelphia, now known as Carncross and Dixey's, remaining there until Carncross and Dixey took the hall. Continued with Sanford's traveling troupe until August, 1862, when he came to New York and opened with Henry Wood's Minstrels, 514 Broadway, now known as the Theatre Comique. He remained with this troupe until within a month of their closing—Christmas, 1865, when he joined the San Francisco Minstrels, with whom he remained a few months. Early in the spring of 1866 he joined Hooley's Minstrels, in Brooklyn, with whom he remained up to his death. He has been confined to his house for some time. He died of disease of the heart. Mr. Glenn was one of the most genial, whole-souled gentlemen that ever graced the minstrel profession. He was loved by every one who knew him, and a much honored member of the Benevolent Order of Elks, of this city. He was one of the most useful, versatile, and, above all, willing performers that ever put on burnt cork. As an alto singer he was looked upon as the best in the business. He has frequently proved his versatility and usefulness by taking the tambourine end of Wood's Minstrels when Charley Fox was "off color." He used to sing the alto in the quartet, play the tambourine, tell gags, and some good ones, too, sing an end comic song and sing in the quartet in the olio all on the same night. Before he had been in the business six months he took Dixey's end one night when he was sick, and evinced considerable talent at that early date. Seldom are we called upon to record the death of a professional so full of promise and so much loved. His noble and manly bearing endeared him to a wide circle of acquaintances. True, his strength had been long waning, and with anxious eyes friends have watched his gradual decline. Yet death seldom finds us prepared for his cruel blow, and when the heart is pulseless and the eyes grow dim, and the stern reality of the loss comes upon us, we are bowed down with grief. In the demise of Mr. Glenn the profession has lost one of its brightest ornaments. Socially, he was just, courteous, prompt, generous to a fault, self-sacrificing; he made and retained friendships which to-day lay tribute on his grave. A last request his remains are to be conveyed to Philadelphia, this Monday afternoon, where High Mass will be held in the Cathedral, and he is to be interred beside his father and mother. A deputation from the Benevolent Order of Elks accompany the remains to Philadelphia. This organization, which numbers over two hundred professionals, met in procession at the house and accompanied the remains to the ferry.

DOMINICK MURRAY AND JOSEPHINE FIDDES open an engagement at Wood's Museum this evening in the drama of "The Golden Bubble," supported by Mr. Mestayer and the regular dramatic company. Lisa Weber and the troupe of Blondes appear there every afternoon in the successful burlesque of "Faust."

KATE BATEMAN, George Jordan, and Papa Bateman arrived in this city from New Orleans on Feb. 25th.

CHARLES ARIZONA, gymnast and heavy balance performer, appears at Tony Pastor's Opera House this evening.

MAX MARETZEK appeared in the Marine Court on Feb. 26th, for breach of contract in not paying Mad. Lumley her salary of $500 a month, due on Feb. 18th. Finding it impossible to obtain payment after many applications, Madame Lumley declined to sing any longer, and she complains that the defendant continued to advertise her name after he knew that she had refused to play. By her counsel, Edwin James, she also claims large damages for professional injury. The case stands over till March 3d. MAX was among the passengers by the City of Brooklyn, for England, on Feb. 26th.

THE "WINTER'S TALE" is in active preparation at Booth's Theatre.

JOSEPH JEFFERSON has given up his engagement at Booth's Theatre, which was to have commenced in September, in consequence of not being able to arrange terms satisfactorily. Mr. Jefferson revisits England, opening at a new theatre there.

IT IS DOUBTFUL whether John S. Clarke will return from London in time to open at Booth's Theatre. His engagement was to have commenced in April, immediately after Mad. Ponisi's benefit.

REAL LIVE ARABS are among the attractions presented by manager Lent at his circus in 14th street, where some of the best artists in the profession are at present engaged. The groupings of the Arabs form a series of very pleasing pictures, while the riding of Pauline Hindley, Melville, Stickney, etc., combined with vaulting and various other arts of the arena, help to make up a well diversified entertainment.

THE "FAUST" burlesque, as produced by Kelly and Leon's Minstrels, is one of the neatest little sketches we have recently witnessed on the black boards. It is beautifully costumed, and the principal parts are creditably sustained by Leon, Kelly, S. Purdy and Cool Burgess. The entertainments presented by the manager of this troupe are deserving of a more liberal patronage than they have been meeting with. In the first part a ballad is nightly sung by a gentleman whose name appears on the bills as Clinton. He possesses a really sweet voice and sings cleverly. We have seen nothing written of him in other papers, and we therefore take the greater pleasure in giving him a word of commendation; in some of his notes his voice is not unlike that of Mr. Castle when the latter sang with a minstrel troupe.

MOSES W. FISKE opens at Wood's Museum on the 14th inst. His daughter Marion, a promising *soubrette*, will shortly make her metropolitan *debut* at this establishment.

LESTER WALLACK closed a brilliant engagement at Wallack's Theatre on Feb. 26th. This evening "Lost at Sea," Boucicault and Byron's five act drama, will be presented with new scenery, music and costumes. J. W. Wallack, Chas. Fisher, J. H. Stoddart, Owen Marlowe, Mr. Hield, Mr. Holland, Mr. Leonard, Madeline Henriques, Effie Germon, Mrs. John Sefton, Laura Phillips, Miss Fowler and Jennie Day are in the cast.

FANNY HERRING terminated her engagement at the Old Bowery Theatre on Feb. 26th. During the week she appeared in a round of sensational dramas well known to the patrons of the Bowery, and in which she has gained applause and reputation. This week she is succeeded by Kate Fisher, with her horse "Wonder," opening in "Mazeppa." Kate is a great favorite on the east side, and should meet with a warm reception.

THE SAN FRANCISCO MINSTRELS announce this as the last week of the pantomime of "Hash." A new act called "The Thirteen Temptations" is given this week. Prof. Lavalle, late musical director for Duprez and Benedict's Minstrels, joins the company this week. Ira Paine has had to withdraw in consequence of a very sore throat.

WALTER BROWN made his first appearance before the public as a representative of classical living statuary at Tony Pastor's Opera House, on Feb. 21st, and appeared each evening during the week. He gave "Cain killing his brother Abel;" "Flight of Cain after the first murder;" "Cincinnatus lastening his sandal;" "Slave sharpening his knife while overhearing the conspirators;" "Romulus, from David's picture of the Sabines;" "Romulus' defence;" "Samson bearing off the gates of Gaza;" "Ajax defying the lightning;" "The dying gladiator, in three pictures." Walter appeared to advantage, and each of his representations was well received. Mr. Brown is of splendid form, with well developed muscles, which show off well when he appears in tights. This week the Siegrist Family, with their performing dogs; John Denier, the gymnast, and Maggie Willet, vocalist, appear.

ON WEDNESDAY EVENING, Feb. 23d, Dan Bryant celebrated his thirteenth year since he established his minstrel band in this city by doing his dance of "The Essence," which he did fourteen years ago at the old Chinese Assembly Rooms in this city, and which, no doubt, did more to bring Dan suddenly into popularity than anything else. The night previous Dan met with a most painful strain while doing an act with Dave Reed, consequently he did not feel like doing justice to the dance. When Dan first opened his present hall of minstrelsy he did the "Essence" for the first time in six years, and he has not repeated it until the occasion just referred to. Dan was laid up the balance of the week after Wednesday night, and Dave Reed took his end. Having recovered from his injury, Dan is announced to reappear this evening. Business continues very good with this party, the hall being filled every evening.

"FROU-FROU" has proved a genuine success at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, equal to "Camille" or "East Lynne," for the house has been crowded every evening, and many persons have been unable to obtain even standing room. It has been adapted to the American stage by Mr. Daly in a manner that reflects credit upon his skill and taste as a dramatist, and while he has placed it upon the stage in a superb manner it is also well acted. There was a very crowded audience on Saturday afternoon last. The musicians were turned out of their accustomed places, and while they tooted under the stage a large number of ladies crowded into their place inside the railings. Many were turned away unable to obtain even standing room.

OPERA BOUFFE COMES TO GRIEF.—A performance was announced to take place at the French Theatre on Feb. 22d, for the benefit of Messrs. Starr and King, two gentlemen who had inspired to the honors of management by getting up a brief season of opera bouffe, a few weeks ago, with Mrs. Howard Paul as the principal singer. It appears that the gentlemen were indebted to nearly every person that had been engaged in and about the theatre during their season, as well as $865 for printing of programmes. Owing to some trouble inside the theatre the doors were not opened until nearly eight o'clock, before which time many had gone away. Presently the house commenced to fill up and there was a goodly sized audience present. The time rapidly passed on, and the audience, growing impatient, commenced to get very noisy. Finding that there was no possibility of the show going on, the audience, after waiting patiently until nearly ten o'clock, commenced to retire and the house was soon emptied. At the suit of Paul Pacholson, their programme printer, the sheriff had taken possession of the box office early in the evening; but it appears that Grau, the lessee of the theatre, had stolen a march on Nicholson by capturing about $250, the proceeds of the sale of tickets during the day at the theatre and elsewhere. The receipts at the door amounted to $274, $100 of which was demanded by the orchestra. Stage manager Buckstone says that the artists of the troupe had owing to them from two to three weeks' salary. The managers, Byrne and Starr, say that they agreed with Gran that the latter should furnish the house and help for $250. That they gave him all the seats as security, and that it was only on account of the machinists refusing to work that the performance did not take place. They say that they received no money for tickets, and that Mr. Grau, having secured himself, and the sheriff having left, remaining left them without the means of offering a compromise; that Mr. Grau could have saved the performance if he had opened the doors earlier, as many went away; and that if he had offered to give up the money which he had taken, all could have been arranged. One irate party in the parquet clambered on to the stage and commenced a fistic set-to with Byrne, one of the managers. This was promptly stopped by a friend of the manager. On the evening, Feb. 24th, the managers appeared at Police Headquarters on a charge of swindling, preferred by Wright and Gerard, but the Inspector at once dismissed the case.

THE PAREPA ROSA OPERA TROUPE commence a season of English opera at the Academy of Music on the 14th inst.

ROSE MASSEY was presented with a handsome gold watch and chain at the Tammany on Tuesday evening, Feb. 22d, handed her from the orchestra.

J. K. EMMETT appears in this city, at Wallack's Theatre, in Gayler's play of "Fritz, Our Cousin German," in the months of July, August and September.

A CONCERT was given at Steinway Hall on the 22d of Feb., for the benefit of the Manzocchi family, at which Madame Anna Bishop and Messrs. E. Mollenhauer, Habelman and Whitley, a new organist, assisted. Miss Manzocchi also appeared and performed on the piano. The cream of the concert was Handel's "Let the Bright Seraphim" by Madame Bishop, with trumpet cadenza, written for her by Boscisa, in which Levy took the trumpet part on the cornet.

THE HANLON BROTHERS' COMBINATION, together with George Hutchinson, Mr. and Mrs. Carl, sailed for England by the steamer City of Brooklyn on Feb. 26th. They expect to be absent about six months. Parties wishing to communicate with the Hanlon Brothers during their European trip will find their address among our advertisements.

THE RISE AND FALL OF THE TAMMANY.—This once popular place of amusement closed its doors to the public after the performance on Wednesday evening, Feb. 23d. No place of amusement ever opened under more favorable auspices, and no place, through bad management, fell so quickly in popular estimation. The initial performance was given on Monday evening, Jan. 4th, 1869, with one of the largest and most complete variety entertainments ever presented in this country. For a while business was great, and a most excellent entertainment was given. The receipts for the first month were $40,392. A good entertainment was given for only a short time, and soon most of the better performers were discharged and a light entertainment run. For the second month the returns reached only $21,297, and for the third month $20,887, and for the year $232,087, the first month's receipts being the largest taken any month since it has been open. The great drawback to the success of this place has been a want of proper management both before and behind the curtain. While those who were supposed to be the stage managers had little or no authority, there was a lack of judgment in understanding how to cater for the public. There were a great many dangers connected with the establishment that had little else to do excepting to draw a weekly salary. Then again, what helped to injure the place was the female management brought to bear, as there were several ladies connected with the company who seemed to have things conducted to suit their ideas, and it mattered not what was the consequence. There were one or two very good stage managers engaged here at different times, but they were obliged to withdraw owing to the influence of parties interested. For the past two or three weeks business had been bad, very bad, on some evenings their being a beggarly account of empty benches. Various means were resorted to to revive its fallen fortunes, but everything failed. The issuing of stock in the Amusement Association was one of these dodges, but it only caught a few of the uninitiated. The first intimation that the company had of the early closing movement was on Wednesday evening, during the performance, when an announcement was put up in the green-room stating that the house would close that night, and notice would be given when salaries would be paid.

MR. BUTLER gave one of the best variety entertainments at the Theatre Comique the past week we have witnessed in a long time. From beginning to the close the programme was filled with excellent acts well played. For a negro sketch the burlesque of "Hamlet" is the best thing of its kind we have ever seen attempted in a variety or minstrel hall, and we never saw a more laughable and more meritorious performance by any person in cork than was Add Ryman's Hamlet. The affair is not a mere rough sketch, but several scenes and most of the leading situations are excellently worked up. Mr. Ryman has a lengthy part, which requires considerable study, and he has given it every attention and acts it very well. Johnny Hart was very laughable as Ophelia, and afterwards as the Gravedigger. La Petite Corrinne sang in military costume "Capt. Jinks" and other songs very well, and was called out four times. Billy Ashcroft, lately arrived from California, did a good clog dance. He keeps good time and did good execution. Ida and Emma Ross, old favorites of "444" when Butler was there, reappeared on the stage after a lengthy retirement, and did a tambour major jig very well. Jennie Kimball was favorably received in her burlesque character songs. The *ballet*, led by Venturoli and Augusta, was good, but Mons. Crouse complains that the ballet girls wear slippers exactly alike, while in every other respect they are dressed uniformly. Some three or four have different slippers, some spangled, and some striped with silver lace, while the majority wear plain satin slippers. James Collins, late of Wood's Museum, an Irish comic singer, appeared the past week. The Clodoche Troupe reappeared in their French quadrille and in the pantomime. Agnes Sutherland, who has been on the stage in this city for a long time, re-appeared in a number of ballads. She received three *encores*. She possesses a sweet voice, has a distinct articulation and is a favorite.

KELLY AND LEON'S MINSTRELS are playing to appreciative but not large audiences. Several new voices were added to the company the past week and the vocal department is thereby strengthened. In the olio Master Barton did the song and dance of "Love among the Roses." For one so young he does well, but requires practice in the art of dancing. James Clark's banjo solo took well and his imitation of the chimes of Trinity church bells were clever. The burlesque of "La Petite Faust" has been well placed upon the stage and is cleverly rendered. Six boys with soprano voices have been secured for the chorus, who appear to advantage. The sword fight between Purdy and Kelly was very good indeed, better than we have seen done a great many times in the Old Bowery, the home of that style of business.

THE BURLESQUE of "Hamlet" is crowding the Olympic Theatre every evening, as well as on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons. A good evening's entertainment is in store for all who pay a visit to the Olympic so long as "Hamlet" is on the bills, and that will be for some time to come.

MR. AND MRS. BARNEY WILLIAMS opened an engagement at Niblo's Garden on Feb. 21st, in Edmond Falconer's new three-act Irish drama of "Innisfallen," which was written some time ago for the Williamses, but who did not accept it at the time, owing to a difference of opinion touching the price. Mr. Falconer then took it through the eastern country with a small dramatic company, with Thomas B. MacDonough as manager; it was also played at the Boston Theatre. As it was necessary to have something fresh for their engagement at Niblo's, they made terms with Mr. Falconer and secured "Innisfallen." It is one of his best productions and is placed on the stage in a handsome manner, the scenery being very effective. The panorama of the "Lakes of Killarney" is beautiful and executed in a high style of art. The impersonation of the Irish lad by Williams is marked by an extravagance of action, unfinished in artistic delineation and destitute of many of those qualifications which constitute the artist. He is too impulsive and boisterous. There is in his impersonations a want of feeling, or, more properly speaking, pathos; he has the voice, and certain intonations which can be made subservient to this important expression of the feelings, but he does not make the proper use of them. He is, however, *au fait* in the business of the stage and he never loses a point in the author if it can be made to tell. Mrs. Barney Williams appeared to advantage as Katey Maguire. She entered heart and soul into the part, and, whether as the poor Katey or the rich lady, looked and acted well. Charles R. Thorne, Jr., had rather an unsatisfactory character, but made the most of it. J. B. Studley, as Buck Doran, had a part to which he is just adapted, a heavy villain, and in it he appeared to great advantage. Ida Vernon and Ione Burke did well with the *roles* of Miss Delamere and Mary. Miss Jenny Hughes, a young lady who appeared as a maid, sang with charming simplicity Balfe's beautiful ballad of "Killarney," which drew forth the heartiest applause of the evening. Miss Hughes, who was rather nervous, possesses a sweet voice, and is rather prepossessing in appearance. Three times was she *encored* in the first act, and in the last act, as the panorama of "The Lakes of Killarney" is moving, she repeated the ballad, and cheer upon cheer greeted her. It was the hit of the evening, and more genuine applause was bestowed upon it than upon anything else in the piece.

PROMETHEUS PICKLE (*nom de plume*), orator, novelist and dramatist, will deliver one of his humorous lectures, entitled "Pinch Him," at Cooper Institute, on Wednesday, the 19th of March.

"FAZIO" was presented a t Booth's Theatre on Saturday evening, Feb. 26th, with Mrs. Emma Waller as Bianca, W. E. Sheridan as Fazio, and Lizzie Winter as the Countess. In the first act Mrs. Waller was rather tame, but as the play progressed she seemed to warm up, and the last scene, as well as several others—among them the one in the presence of

Feb. 21st, with Mrs. D. P. Bowers in the title *role*, and Mr. McCollum as Rudolph. In consequence of the piercing cold, the attendance was light. On the 22d 'The Hunchback' was introduced to a fair audience. Mrs. Bowers appearing as Julia. Mrs. Bowers played her part excellently, and was efficiently supported throughout. The sensational play of 'Reaping the Tempest,' with Mrs. Bowers as Marguerite and Mr. McCollum as Jean Paul Berger, was given on Feb. 23d. The principal characters were all satisfactorily sustained, but the situations and plot of the piece were not much admired by the audience. On the 24th Mrs. Bowers appeared as Lady Isabel and Madame Vine in 'East Lynne.' 'Lady Audley's Secret' was repeated on Feb. 25th, to the largest house of the week. Lady Audley is unquestionably Mrs. Bowers' greatest assumption, and shouts of approbation greeted her at frequent intervals during the performance."

ANNIE CORELLA, comedienne, who has several specialties, is open for engagements of six nights only. Address as per advertisement.

LITTLE JENNIE YEAMANS, who is at present playing at the Park Theatre, Brooklyn, is spoken of as follows by a correspondent:—"Little Jennie Yeamans, the infant marvel, is playing Mary Morgan in 'Ten Nights in a Bar Room,' at the Park Theatre, Brooklyn. Her rendering of the song, 'Father Come Home,' brings the tears from every one who hears her. It is a wonderful performance in one so young. It is still running."

FANNY HERRING plays in Paterson, N. J., Feb. 28th and March 1st, Elizabeth 5th and 7th. This lady will shortly receive a testimonial benefit at one of the New York theatres.

LAURA KEENE'S COMPANY is in Norfolk, Va., this week. Laura opened in "Hunted Down."

JOHN DILLON closed an engagement at Music Hall, Milwaukee, Feb. 23d. He was the recipient of a benefit on Feb. 18th, when he produced "The Serious Family" and "Handy Andy." On the following evening "Peep O' Day" and "Jones' Baby" were presented to a fair house. On the 21st "Blow for Blow" and "Barney the Baron" were played to a large audience. Mr. Dillon, says our correspondent, "Pythias," "is a favorite in Milwaukee, and is one of the few actors who can play a successful engagement here. His support is rather mean, with a few exceptions. Mr. Dillon, with Biddle's company, left for Racine, Wis., on Feb. 24th.

ZOE'S DRAMATIC TROUPE appear in Lock Haven, Pa., on March 2d and 3d.

THE LISA WEBER BURLESQUE TROUPE, consisting of Lisa Weber, Edward Righton, Rose Massey, Edith Challis, Maggie Desmond, Clara Fisher and Dora Herbert, open in Albany, N. Y., on the 7th inst., and go thence to Boston on the 14th, for two weeks, thence to Providence, R. I., March 28th.

"UNDER THE GASLIGHT" was produced at the Academy of Music, Buffalo, N. Y., on Feb. 21st, with J. F. Wheelock as Snorkey, and was played two nights to good houses. "Six Degrees of Crime" was presented on the 23d. "The Ticket of Leave Man" was played for W. C. Griffith's benefit on the 24th, and "Under the Gaslight" for the *matinee* on the 26th, and "Dreams of Delusion" and "Flying Dutchman" in the evening for W. M. Ward's benefit. Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Florence are the current stars, opening on Feb. 28th, for one week.

OLIVER LEARY, N. Y., Advices are furnished us by our correspondent, "Beppo," up to Feb. 26th, under which date he says:—'At the Academy of Music J. M. Ward commenced an engagement for six nights on Feb. 21st, opening in 'Arrah na Pogue.' Mr. Ward's acting of Shaun the Post is meritorious. The O'Grady of Frank Lawlor is by far the best played part in the piece. The character of Michael Feeney was finely rendered by Mr. Keeble. Miss Dargon, pleasing in anything she undertakes, filled the part of Arrah with her usual felicity. Miss Brooks was pleasing as Fanny Powers. Of the other characters, to say they were capital is all that is necessary. 'Arrah na Pogue' was played on Feb. 21st and 22d to moderate houses. On the 22d and 23d the Worrell Sisters' Company came down from Troy and gave two *matinees*, returning in time to play at Troy in the evening. On the evening of Feb. 23d 'Aurora Floyd' was produced on the stage in a handsome manner. The audience was large. Miss Dargon, in the *role* of Aurora Floyd, was well received. 'Aurora Floyd' was repeated on Feb. 24th, to a fair house. The Academy was comfortably filled last evening (25th) the occasion being Augusta L. Dargon's benefit. This lady has won golden opinions in this city. She appeared in the *role* of Meg Merrries, in 'Guy Mannering,' in which she achieved a good reputation. This evening (26th) stage manager Geo. Ryer has another benefit, presenting the 'Merchant of Venice.' Mr. Ward will appear as Handy Andy in the afterpiece. The Worrell Sisters re-appear Feb. 28th..... Business at the Trimble Opera House has been better this week than last. Mr. Brougham commenced his second week, on Feb. 21st, in 'Red Light,' which was repeated on the 22d to a good house. On the 23d, 'Serious Family' and 'Limerick Boy' were given. On account of the success of 'Red Light,' it was given on Feb. 25th to a good house. Last evening (25th) Mr. Brougham had a farewell benefit, when was presented 'David Copperfield' and 'Pocahontas.' The Opera House was filled, the audience being the largest since his engagement. This afternoon (Feb. 26th) 'Life in the Streets' was given for a *matinee* to a good house. This evening 'David Copperfield' and 'Pocahontas.' On March 28th F. S. Chanfrau opens in 'Sam.'"

FELIX ROGERS and Jenny Wilmore occupied the Academy of Music, Omaha, Feb. 16th, 17th, 18th and 19th. Our correspondent, "Waverly," says:—"They opened in 'Miriam's Crime' and 'The Orphans.' Rogers made a hit as Bliss in the former, which was repeated on the 17th, with 'Ixion,' to another large house. For Rogers' benefit on the 18th, 'The Factory Girl' and 'Ixion' were produced, with Rogers as Toby Tyke. Miss Wilmore, Miss Martha Gibbs, Mr. Rogers appeared upon the stage in a state of 'indisposition.' He was, however, permitted to finish his part by a very generous audience. As Jupiter, in the prologue of 'Ixion,' he appeared only partly dressed, wearing his drawers and boots, with a breastplate and lauibarkins. It was with great difficulty that the performance could be brought to the end, Rogers cutting and generally. On Feb. 19th, as was to be expected, the house was very light to witness 'The Stage Struck Tailor' and 'Ixion.' Mr. Rogers was again 'indisposed,' and indulged in some vicious gags respecting the smallness of the audience. A sense of relief was experienced when the curtain fell upon the end of the play and of his engagement. Miss Wilmore is a neat little actress in every respect and pleased all by her efforts to make amends for the shortcomings of Rogers. The company remain idle for three nights, as a minstrel party occupy the theatre. On Feb. 24th Frank Weston, the present stage manager, takes a benefit. Kate Denin will appear on Feb. 25th and 26th, thus filling out the week. Marietta Ravel commences an engagement on Feb. 28th.

J. C. MYERS' COMPANY opened a six nights' stay in Lynn, Mass., on Feb. 22d. John Murray was announced as the star, but did not appear, Henry Howland putting in an appearance instead.

KATE BATEMAN'S engagement in New Orleans was a failure. Kate has not been as successful this time as on previous trips. She did not play to very large audiences in this city. This fact will probably hasten the lady's return to England.

THE CHAPMAN SISTERS continue their engagement in Richmond, Va. A correspondent says:—"On Feb. 21st they commenced their second week with 'Cinderella' and 'A Regular Fix.' Notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather during part of the week their business was good. Tuesday 'Aladdin' and 'My Precious Betsy' were given. Ella received several *encores* for a song and dance, and Blanche was loudly applauded for a sneezing song. Their double clog dance brought down the house. Bishop was also the recipient of prolonged applause for his careful make-up. Feb. 23d, 'Ixion' and 'A Quiet Family.' Blanche as 'Ix on' looked charmingly. Maggie Parker, as the 'Goddess of Love,' dressed with bewitching effects. On the 24th 'Kenilworth' was repeated. On Feb. 25th, for the benefit of Ella, 'Pochahontas' and 'Wanted 1,000 Milliners' were given to a big house. The *beneficiare* as Capt. Smith, and Blanche in a little *role*, received repeated *encores*. Bishop and the rest of the company did meritoriously. They will be followed by Laura Keene, Neil Warner and the Parepa Rosa Opera Troupe."

"FROU FROU" has been secured from Mr. Daly for the state of California by Thomas Maguire. A copy of it was sent by Mr. Daly on Feb. 24th, and it is to be produced in San Francisco the latter part of this week.

"TEN NIGHTS IN A BARROOM" is produced at the Park Theatre, Brooklyn, this week.

LESTER WALLACK appears at the Academy of Music, Brooklyn, on March 1st, in "Ours."

MAGGIE MITCHELL concluded a two weeks' engagement at the National Theatre, Washington, D. C., on Feb. 26th. Her first week was devoted to the 'Pearl' and 'Lorle,' and her last to 'Panchon' and 'Little Barefoot.' Our correspondent, "Novice," thus reports:—"She succeeded in attracting remunerative audiences, particularly during her second week, as there was no opposition whatever, Wall's Opera House being closed. 'Panchon' was presented on Feb. 21st and received four representations. Mrs. Muzzy, who always appears as Old Fadet whenever Miss Mitchell impersonates the Circe in this city, was specialty engaged. Claude Hamilton enacted the character of Landry and Mr. Burroughs the part of Didier. Miss Mitchell made something of a hit in the scene, where, in dancing about the stage, she loses her shoe, by asking Landry very innocently if he saw the *shoe fly*. The characters of Father Barbeau, Madelon and Mother Barbeau were very effectively portrayed by Mr. Varry, May Saville and Mrs. Germon. Feb. 25th was set apart for a benefit to Miss Mitchell, and 'Little Barefoot' was reserved for the attraction. The principal parts were sustained by Messrs. Burroughs, Varrey, Foster, Parkhurst and Mrs. Germon. On Saturday afternoon, 26th, a performance of 'Panchon' was given, and in the evening 'Little Barefoot' was the attraction.....On the last night of Laura Keene's season at Wall's some one in the gallery set fire to a programme just for fun, and then dropped it into the lower part of the house. A cry of fire was immediately raised and a terrible time ensued. Mr. Mordaunt expostulated with the frantic portion of the audience, and, after several ladies had fainted, quiet was restored and the play went on. Robert McWade, supported by the National Theatre Company, opens at Walls' on Feb. 28th, for a season of six nights and a *matinee*. 'Rip Van Winkle' is the opening play. This serves to give the stock of the National employment, while the Parepa Troupe offer a season of English opera."

OF CINCINNATI AFFAIRS our correspondent, writing on the 25th February, discourses as follows:—"Woods' Theatre has been doing a rousing business this week with Joe K. Emmett as the star, succeeding Lucille Western. He has been running the play entitled 'Our Cousin German' the entire week. In the second act he gave Germanic versions of the 'Bologna Sausage Boy,' 'Grecian Bend,' 'Walking Down Broadway' and 'Captain Schmidt.' His banjo solo was new to this region, and entitled 'A Recipe for Making Saur Kraut.' Mr. Emmett has been supported in the play by Whiting as Col. Crafton; Johnson as Phil Bobbitt; Barton as Jem Smasher; E. A. McDowell (first appearance) as Adolphus Jenkins—a first water Cockney; Mary Rickards as Katrine, and Charlotte Crampton as Moppy. Miss Rickard's 'Katrine'—Fritz's sweetheart—was hardly a success. The character put her German in comparison with Emmett's. Joe Emmett remains another week. Miss Leona Cavender succeeds Emmett.....The National was to recommence dramatic business next (this) week with Joe Jefferson as star, but the latter is sick and his engagement has been postponed. The stock company is to produce the sensation play, 'Not Guilty,' instead. The company will be in the main the same as before, with the additions of a leading man and lady, in Mr. Thorne, late of the Lingard company, and Miss Clara Morris, late of Wood's Theatre."

MISS FANNY B. PRICE closed her engagement at Louisville on the 26th of Feb. She opens at the St. Charles, New Orleans, on the 28th. During her engagement she will produce an original drama in five acts, written expressly for her by J. De Bonay, Esq., entitled "La Marjoline."

KATIE PUTNAM'S TROUPE opened in Dayton, Ohio, on Feb. 21st, in "The Field of the Cloth of Gold." On the 25th and 26th "Fanchon" was given, and on the 27th the party left for Lima, Ohio.

"POOR HUMANITY" was brought out in Newark, N. J., on Feb. 22d (afternoon and evening), with William Holston as Mrs. Wisby. "Mr. Holston," says our correspondent "Rover," "was well supported, and a good performance given. The performance concluded with the comedietta of the 'Quiet Family,' in which Mr. Holston, James Ward, C. P. Hale, Mary Maddern and Emma Wilmot distinguished themselves. A large audience was in attendance both afternoon and evening."

IN PHILADELPHIA, at the Walnut Street Theatre, Harry Watkins, Irish comedian, and Rose Watkins, vocalist, commenced an engagement on the 21st of Feb., appearing as Fergus and Mary McCarthy, in the romantic Irish drama, "Trodden Down," and played in it for four nights. On Friday evening, 25th, Rose took a benefit. The manager announces in rehearsal the great national play, "Pioneer Patriot," and a new romantic Irish drama, entitled, "Pardoronghs; or, the One Bright Spot."....At the Chestnut Street Theatre Frank Mayo, concluded his second week on February 26th, appearing as Tom Badger in Bouccicault's drama, "Streets of New York." He was well supported by the company. A rumor has been widely circulated that the management of this theatre was to change hands. This is denied by Miss Laura Keene, who asserts that she intends to return shortly from Richmond, where she is now playing, and place before the public of Philadelphia some new and good plays. In the meantime, while she is absent, first-class star artists are to be engaged. ...Most of the past week at the Arch Street Theatre was devoted to benefits of the members of the stock company. On Monday and Tuesday evenings, the "Love Chase," with Mrs. John Drew as Constance, and Craig's burlesque, "Don Juan," were produced. On Wednesday evening Mrs. Thayer took a benefit, presenting the lively comedy, 'Babes in the Wood," the comedy of "Delicate Ground," and Craig's burlesque, "Don Juan." Her friends and admirers turned out in full force, and the theatre was crowded. On Thursday, 24 h, Miss Lizzie Price took a benefit, presenting for the occasion "Camille" and "Toodles." On Friday Mr. and Mrs. Stoddard had their first benefit, appearing in Bouccicault's comedy "How she Loves Him," and in "Nicholas Nickleby." Mr. F. Mackay had his night Saturday, 26th, presenting Shakespeare's "Twelth Night." Mrs. Drew has purchased the sole right to represent in that city Augustin Daly's adaptation of "Frou Frou," and will produce it in a short time.....At Fox's American Theatre the past week was the second of the Dutch comedian, Mr. J. H. Budworth, who appeared every evening in his songs, sayings and Dutch impersonations of Offenbach, in the laughable interlude of the "Dutch Schauspieler and his Tochter." Two more stars were added to the list this week, namely, Edward Banker, the Ethiopian comedian, and Miss Blanche Stanley, the champion vocalist.

THE BOSTON COMEDY COMPANY, under the management of E. M. Leslie, is traveling through New England, and are now in the forty-first week of their season. They are billed for Westboro', Hopkinton and Marlboro' this week, thence to Foxboro' Stoughton and Randolph. "The Hidden Hand," "Uncle Tom," "Kathleen Mavourneen," "Arrah-na-Pogue" and "Forty Thieves Burlesque" are their principal cards. Stars with specialities can address as per advertisement.

JOHN NUNAN, an actor very well known in the profession, died in Brooklyn on Feb. 24th, of dropsy. He was born in Dublin, Ireland, in 1831, and entered the profession as call boy in the Theatre Royal, Dublin, where he remained a short time. He then emigrated to America, and soon after his arrival here joined the Murdoch Dramatic Association in Grosby street, between Prince and Houston, an association that has turned out more successful actors than any other in this city. At the Murdoch he played the heavy business and was so successful and made such rapid progress that it was not long before he made his public *debut* at the Old Chatham Theatre, this city, where he at once established himself as a careful, reliable and painstaking actor. When William Wheatley and John Drew opened the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia, for the season of 1853-4, Mr. Nunan was one of the company, making his *debut* Aug. 22d, 1853, as Stripe in "Old Heads and Young Hearts." He remained there for the season, and next proceeded to Pittsburgh, where he appeared under the management of old Joe Foster. He then went further west, and besides remaining at the National Theatre, Cincinnati, for one year, provincialised through the west. His next scenes of triumph were in the New Bowery, to which theatres he was attached for some time, and was, in the language of Polonius, "considered a good actor." He afterwards appeared at Niblo's Garden, supporting Forrest in the heavy business, and was a favorite with the public. Last year he took a trip to Europe and was absent about two months, but did not play there. Since he returned to this country he has appeared very little on the stage. His last legitimate engagement was in a traveling troupe through the east with Dancing Mitchell. John was a whole souled fellow, and leaves behind him many friends. His funeral took place on Sunday afternoon, Feb. 27th, from the residence of his brother in South Brooklyn.

BOSTON SHOW BUSINESS was good the past week, so we are informed by our correspondent, "Coriolanus," who, under date of Feb. 26th, writes as follows:—Charles Fechter made his first appearance in the city on Feb. 21st, at the Boston Theatre, as Hamlet. Our expectations, as aroused by Charles Dickens, had been somewhat dashed by the criticisms of certain papers in your city, and therefore but a moderate audience was present to greet Mr. Fechter's advent. It is almost impossible to criticise Mr. F.'s Hamlet in a fair way—one is so prejudiced by long usage against any such innovations as he makes in the rendering. Yet it cannot be denied that when one arises after the curtain falls for the last time, there is a certain feeling of pleasure, if not satisfaction, with the evening's entertainment. During the first act one is very much inclined to laugh at the sing song, peculiar delivery of the lines, but as soon as one becomes accustomed to this and the odd accent he has, the performance gives little else but pleasure. His reading of the text is much different from that of Mr. Booth. His impersonation must be pronounced a careful, scholarly piece of acting. Great it is not, nor can the actor himself be called great. Of the support, I may say that such a capital cast has not been seen here this many a day. Miss Le Clercq was an excellent Ophelia; in fact, one of the very best I have ever seen. Her success has been obtained entirely through the merits of her part. Louis Aldridge played the King in first rate style, looking the character exactly. F. C. Bangs, brought on from New York, was a careful, pleasing Laertes; he gave a quiet, neat bit of acting, so different from the ranting style in which most actors play the part. C. L. Allen gave a capital rendering, for the first time, of Polonius, gaining considerable applause. Mrs. Jones as the Queen, Roche as Horatio and Weaver as the Ghost, were all good. The scenery, too, was first-rate—much better than the general run at this establishment. The houses have been very fair during the week, which, through the advanced rates of admission, must pay well—but they are nothing to the crowds which throng to see Booth in the same character. On the 28th 'Ruy Blas' receives its first performance, and we are promised during the week (which is his last) representations of 'Lady of Lyons' and 'Duke's Motto.'" To-night the stock company present two of Boucicault's dramas, 'Jessie Brown' and the 'Long Strike,' making up a very good bill. Lester Wallack opens on March 7th.....At Selwyn's there is little new to chronicle, except that 'Little Em'ly' has drawn crowded houses all the week, and that W. J. Le Moyne took a benefit on Feb. 21st, on which occasion he presented, in addition to 'Little Em'ly,' the people's lawyer,' in which he essayed for the first time the *role* of Solon Shingle. Mr. Le Moyne is a splendid character actor, and it is needless to say that he was successful in this new part. To-night, Stuart Robson, the low comedian, has a benefit, at which a rare feast in the way of fun is to be given. It consists of 'A Cheerful Reception,' 'The Hypocrite,' the burlesque of 'Hamlet' and the 'Spectre Bridegroom,' in all of which he himself appears. Kitty Blanchard is to have her annual benefit on March 3d, 'Frou Frou,' as translated by Augustin Daly, is to be the next attraction, succeeding 'Little Em'ly.....At the Museum 'Uncle Dick's Darling,' with Mr. Warren as Uncle Dick, has been drawing crowded houses all the week up to February 24th, and has been followed at each performance by the farce of the 'Four Sisters.' On the 24th, the 'Poor Gentleman,' a capital one of the old comedies, was presented, with Mr. Warren in his celebrated character of Dr. Ollapod, a truly enjoyable performance. Charles Barron played Frederick Bramble in his usual excellent style, and the remainder of the cast was to the strength of the company. Last night 'London Assurance' was presented, Annie Clarke making her first appearance as Lady Gay Spanker since her severe illness, Warren playing Sir Harcourt Courtly and Barron acting Dazzle. The same bill is on for this afternoon, and on Feb. 28th 'Frou-Frou' will receive its first performance in this city. There will be considerable curiosity to see the two versions as given here and at Selwyn's of this Parisian success.....The Lyceum ran 'Money and Misery' up to Feb. 23d, and it was followed on the 24th by Jerico Hudson in the numerous characters of the 'French Spy' and 'Ben Bolt,' which she has played to only fair audiences. To-night the attraction is Jack Sheppard.'"

CHARLES FECHTER is to commence an engagement at the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, on Monday evening next, March 7th, in "Hamlet." He remains there two weeks.

A MR. MATLACH was announced to appear as Hamlet, one week only, at the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia, on Feb. 28th. The balance of the week is to be filled up with benefits.

LOTTA opens a three weeks' engagement at the Arch, Philadelphia, on Monday evening, March 7th.

MCKEAN BUCHANAN, with his company, played at New Albany, Ind., during the past week, and the local press speaks as follows of the performances:—"Mr. Buchanan's performance of Macbeth last night was witnessed by a large audience. The Macbeth of Mr. Buchanan is pronounced by the press of the country to be equal to that of any actor in America, and to be as splendid a piece of acting as was ever seen on the stage, and its rendition last night by Mr. B. fully sustained these high encomiums. His portrayal of Macbeth was watched and listened to with eager attention and elicited the most rapturous applause. The audience was kept perfectly spellbound from the time the curtain rose until it fell at the end of the fifth act."—*New Albany Commercial*, Feb. 24. "Mr. Buchanan's impersonation of Richelieu, the great Cardinal, was as powerful, finished and sublime a representation as was ever enacted. He looked, felt, and acted the part true to the author's conception, and the impression he created was highly favorable. In the grand scene, where the Cardinal throws the protection of the church around Julia and defies Baradas, the effect was one of awful grandeur. We have witnessed many eminent actors in this play, but never saw such acting before. It is the best dressed and most talented combination of the legitimate drama that ever appeared before a New Albany audience."—*New Albany Ledger*, Feb. 23.

MARSHALL'S LONDON COMEDY COMPANY, with Catherine Lucette and Moreton Price as stars, are playing at Squires' Opera House, Grand Rapids, Mich. The company advertise for a leader.

ALEX. FITZGERALD, leading and character actor, is prepared to accept long or short engagements. His address is in another column.

THE LYDIA THOMPSON TROUPE were to open at the Opera House, Detroit, Mich., on Feb. 28th, for six nights and a *matinee*. They are advertised, says our correspondent, "very extensively, and, as everybody has a desire to see the original blondes, they will undoubtedly draw crowded houses during their short engagement. .....At Young Men's Hall the Lingard party opened on Feb. 22d, and played four nights to good houses. Lingard was well received in his sketches, but they are evidently traveling on *his* reputation, as the troupe is small, and was reduced still further by the loss of Mr. Thorne, who left them here."

SANGALLI closed her engagement at Maguire's Opera House, San Francisco, on Feb. 19th, and in conjunction with Maguire's burlesque company, including Mlle. Paganni, Della Pemina, the Sisters Therese and Josephine, Madame Martinetti and Mr. Von Hamme, Phillipe and Julian Martinetti, opened at Sacramento on Feb. 21st.

BONFANTI, supported by Mr. Novissimo, were to appear in conjunction with a comedy and burlesque troupe, at the head of which Miss Sue Robinson stands pre-eminent, at Piper's Opera House, Virginia City, on Feb. 21st.

ANNIE LIVINGSTON took a benefit in Montgomery, Ala., on Feb. 24th, supported by La Grove's Company.

NEIL WARNER was at the Savannah, Ga., Theatre, the past week. "Much Ado About Nothing" was performed on Feb. 22d. Lillie Eldridge took a benefit on Feb. 23d.

EDWIN ADAMS is the current attraction at De Bar's Opera House, St. Louis. Louis Sylvester took a benefit there on Feb. 25th.

LEFFINGWELL closed at the Olympic Theatre, St. Louis, on Feb. 25th, and is followed this week by Lucille Western.

Musical.

A CONCERT for the benefit of the poor of Burlington, Iowa, came off at Union Hall, on Feb. 26th. Over one hundred performers took part in the exercises.

AT A WINDOW in an Engish church—the bridal party being behind time—the organist played while awaiting its arrival "Eager to Meet Thee, Love;" the party not arriving at its conclusion, he continued to amuse himself and the spectators with "Robin's Not Here."

J. C. ROBINSON, sensation and character vocalist, can be addressed care of this office.

CARLOTTA PATTI gave two concerts in Montgomery, Ala., on Feb. 25th and 26th.

THE RICHINGS OPERA TROUPE gave three nights and a *matinee* in Memphis, Tenn., commencing on Feb. 24th.

THE LITTLE ROCK, ARK., THEATRE, which has been closed for some weeks, re-opened on Feb. 7th with the Brignoli Concert Troupe.

THE GERMAN OPERA TROUPE performed "Faust," "Jewess," and "Fidello" in Savannah, Ga., on Feb. 24th, 25th and 26th.

THE BERGEN FAMILY closed in Augusta, Ga., on Feb. 19th, to good business, and opened in Charleston, S. C., Feb. 21st, at the new hall, for three nights, and went thence to Columbia on the 24th for three nights. This week the party are in Savannah.

BRIGNOLI'S OPERA TROUPE was to appear in Atlanta, Ga., on Feb. 28th.

THE BEETHOVEN NINTH SYMPHONY is to be sung in the Music Hall, Boston, in centenary celebration of the great composer's birth, by a chorus of 1,200 children. Rev. D. M. Hodge is writing a hymn for the music.

SPALDING'S BELL RINGERS are performing in N. Y. State. Since the return of Georgie Dean Spaulding they have introduced several new and popular airs upon the Swiss bells, viz., "The Sabre Song," from the "Grand Duchess," "Big Sunflower," "Shoo Fly" and "How is that for High?"

ANNA BISHOP, Levy, Harry Sanderson and others, give a concert in Newark, N. J., on March 30th, for the benefit of the Soldiers' Home.

THE PAREPA ROSA OPERA COMPANY commenced a short season at the National Theatre, Washington, D. C., on Feb. 28th.

GEO. HARRY WILSON, tenor balladist, advertises that he can be engaged.

THE FRENCH OPERA has been well attended in New Orleans, so we are advised by our correspondent, "Crescent," who, under date of Feb. 21st, says:—"On February 7th 'Faust' was repeated; on the 8th 'Barbe Blue' was given to the slimmest audience of the season; on the 10th 'Trovatore' was presented, in which Michot created a *furore* by his rendering of 'Supplice Infame,' in the third act, his voice reaching the highest notes of the tenor register. M'lle. Arnal as Leonora was good, as was M'lle. Zeiss in the *role* of the Gipsey, while Mr. Dumestre as the Count de Luna made a good impression. At the *matinee* on Feb. 12th 'La Dame Blanche' was sung in fine style, and in the evening 'La Muette de Portici,' in which Michot, as Massaniello, and Dumestre as Petro, carried off the honors. On Feb. 14th 'Le Prophet,' in which Mr. Michot as John of Leyden, in the last scene, elicited thunders of applause. On Feb. 17th 'William Tell' was produced, with Dumestre as the Swiss hero. The 'Prophet' was repeated on Feb. 19th. The next sensation revival will be 'Romeo and Juliet,' which will be produced on Feb. 24th, the occasion being the benefit of Mr. E. Calabrese, *chef de orchestra*. .....Carlotti Patti gave four concerts and a *matinee* at the Odd Fellows' Hall during the past week, all of which were crowded."

THE PAREPA TROUPE opened in Baltimore on Feb. 21st, at the Concordia Opera House, for one week. Our correspondent, "Don Juan," says:—"Maritana' had been announced as the initial opera, but on account of the temporary indisposition of S. C. Campbell 'Il Trovatore' was substituted. On Feb. 22d, 'Bohemian Girl.' On this occasion Mad. Parepa Rosa did not appear, and consequently the house was small. The event of the evening was the *debut* of Rose Hersee as Arline. Her reception was cordial; her voice is melluious, yet not of great range or compass. Nordblom was substituted for Castle in the *role* of Thaddeus, and the singing proved acceptable. His 'Then You'll Remember Me,' and Miss Rose Hersee's 'I Dreamt that I Dwelt in Marble Halls' were *encored*. Seguin's Devilshoof was, as usual, a masterly effort, both in a lyric and dramatic sense. Campbell's Count Arnheim was well rendered. On Feb. 23d, 'Marriage of Figaro' drew an overflowing house, and even standing room was at a premium. On Feb. 24th, the benefit of Mrs. J. Seguin, 'Martha' was the opera, which drew another large assemblage. This evening (25th) 'Der Freyschutz.' Saturday, repetition of 'Marriage of Figaro.'"

THE PAREPA ROSA TROUPE are to appear at the Philadelphia Academy of Music on the 8th and 9th inst., in "Martha" and "Oberon."

THE RICHINGS' ENGLISH OPERA TROUPE were in Memphis, Tenn., on Feb. 24th, 25th and 26th, and were to open in New Orleans on March 22d. They could not open before, as Mardigra's day interferes, and that comes on March 1st, and the Varieties Theatre is engaged for a grand ball for that night. The moment the troupe changed their course their business grew better. In Cincinnati it was splendid; in Nashville it was great, and in Memphis it was pronounced to be good. "The South," says a correspondent, "is just red hot for English opera, and the troupe will, no doubt, do well. They go thence to Mobile and home (Philadelphia) by the way of Montgomery, Columbus, Macon, Atlanta, Augusta, Savannah, Charleston, Richmond, Washington, etc. This southern tour is what the troupe should have done in the earlier part of the season; yet they cannot complain, as business has as a general thing been good. In Detroit it was great; Indianapolis, good; Louisville, good; and the company has made a hit wherever they have been. Miss Howson and Drayton are great favorites. Bowler, Peakes, Arnold, Annie Kemp Bowler and the rest can hold their own, and as an English Opera Troupe they are second to none. Mrs. Bernard is in good voice, in good health, and sings as well as ever. The little woman is a perfect wonder; she must have a cast iron throat. As for the chorus, the part is the best I've been in

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FIRSTLY.—That Arlington has no Chinese Giant, as he advertises to attract and deceive the public

SECONDLY.—In order to explain more fully as to what and who the SO-CALLED "GREAT ARLINGTON MINSTRELS" are, we refer the public to the following notice, taken from the Cincinnati Enquirer of January 18th:—

MOZART HALL.—One of the largest audiences we have seen, assembled last night to witness the performance of Arlington's Minstrels, "from Chicago." If this company hail from Chicago we cannot but regret that it did not remain there. Its inability to stay in Chicago with profit to itself may possibly account for the visit we received. Never did a minstrel organization fail more completely in rendering an equivalent for the money expended upon them, never did we see such an anxious and willing audience so ruthlessly disappointed. It was cruel. Sam Sidney, the rival of Lingard, may be very fine—if so, we hope we may be spared from ever having to witness any of Mr. Lingard's performances. Arlington, who once had a good reputation as an expounder of negro witticisms and comicalities, has faded very badly and could now scarcely hold his own with the venerable and lamented Timothy Woodruff. The vocal and instrumental music in the first part was badly rendered, and the quartette of Messrs. Lombard, Corwin, Sutton and Estrange was truly as poor as any we ever heard. Many expected to see the Chinese giant, Chang. Mr. Chanz must have been lost behind upon account of sickness or scarcity of rice in this community, for when Mr. Arlington came out, mounted upon the shoulders of a flute player, and wrapped in a sheet, upon which was inscribed some characters copied from a tea box, it flashed over the audience that they had been sold.

The entire programme was ancient, and was as badly rendered as it was aged. The acts were imitations of what we have all seen good actors perform, and it was an insult to a Cincinnati audience to palm such a wretched company upon them. The most judicious thing which the Arlingtons could do would be to wash the cork from their faces and quietly return to Chicago.

CHANG,

the Chinese giant, desires to inform the public throughout the country that he does not appear with the above named party, AS THEY HAVE ADVERTISED, and is grieved to think that they cannot command SUFFICIENT TALENT in their line of business to insure success, without adding his NAME and PICTURES to their bills, &c.

CHANG, THE GENUINE CHINESE GIANT,

is now on a travelling tour, and due notice will be given of his appearance in each town and city.

E. PARLETT,
44-tf Manager for Chang.

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A TRAVELING "IMPOSTOR"
IMPOSTORS AND IMPOSITION SHOULD
BE DISCOUNTENANCED.
IT IS NECESSARY THAT THE
PUBLIC SHOULD KNOW THAT
THEY ARE COMING
TO MR. E. PARLETT,
MANAGER AND GREAT TRANSLATOR
OF
CHANG, THE CHINESE GIANT.

SIR.—If you WILL JUMP MY ROUTE, as you personally told me you would, I will get a five sheet woodcut made of the great translator,

WITH HIS HAIR PARTED IN THE MIDDLE,

and do the character exact, as to burlesque it, would be impossible. I am still billing Chang the Giant, and the

GREAT ARLINGTON MINSTRELS

perform the burlesque, for the success of which I refer you to the following from the Buffalo Courier, Feb. 12th, 1870:—

THE ARLINGTONS at SY. JAMES HALL.—The audience was at their command from the time their respective mouths first opened, and roars of laughter answered their every joke and comical gesture or expression. The first part closed with a grand national finale, at the end of which "Chang," the Chinese giant, the most stupendous swindle of the age, except his Cardiff brother, was next introduced and duly applauded. We decline to describe him. If not artistically so fine, he pleased the audience far better than would the appearance of barefooted highness.

So, sir, do as you say and

LET THE PUBLIC BE INFORMED
of the
COMING GENUINE IMPOSTORS.
YOUR ENGLISH BOMBAST
WILL AVAIL VERY LITTLE,
with
THE GREAT
ARLINGTON
MINSTRELS.

Yours respectfully, D. B. HODGES, Agent.
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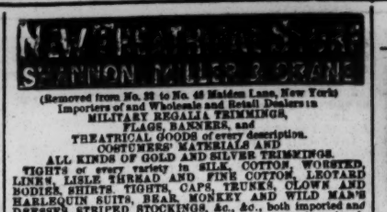

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